vogue

Spring Hats

articles by

Betty Smith

Philip Wylie

Walter Duranty

Jimmy Savo

Dr. Clarence Little

Antoine

Lesley Blanch

Mortimer Adler

Clifton Fadiman

Oliver St. John Gogarty

...and others

ADVANCE RETAIL TRADE EDITION

Incorporating Vanity Fair

January 15, 1944

Price 35 Cents

40 CENTS IN CANADA

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Stroock

HOPSACK

Woven like a Mexican basket with the depth and beauty of handcraft . . . Stroock Hopsack is an intermediate coating that has won its place among the fabric immortals. A long-wearing, rich material that you should know by name. In brilliant and pastel Spring shades. Lined with Duchess acetate rayon.

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Harry-Williams, Ltd.

(A DEPARTMENT OF GROSSMAN & SPIEGEL, INC.)

512 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

VOGUE Advance News for Retailers · Jan. 15

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HEAD SILHOUETTES

In this issue, Vogue views with appreciation the wide scope of small, snug hats predominating the fashion picture. Absence of "strictly seasonal" hats is of special note, and all are made for constant use throughout the next six months. Equally important is the shingled or smoothly sculptured head under the close, little hat to give the ideal head silhouette—well-tended, neat. The bowler, the cloche, the beret, the chaplet—many-sided little hats to please as many types of customer.

In selling the beret, have your salespeople point out its countless possibilities and angles (pages 37, 41, 63). Suggest a jewel or tiny veil to formalize it—pulled down on one side and held with a gay cockade for rustic or sports wear—straight on the head or pushed to the back for day to day usage. Play up the softness of the bowler as pictured on page 36—its youthful lines—the compliment it pays to soft clothes. Dramatize the 1944 cloche against pictures of its elder sister in 1926. Emphasize the new bared-forehead and face-framing look (pages 34, 39, 68). Display the skullcap worn over one ear as shown on the cover, as absolutely new in its slant and flatness. Vogue says, "This is the spring of real hats—having substance and form—small and neat—conforming but managing to have great individuality."

Vogue says, "Juniors *do* wear hats—the beret, the bowler, the cloche—with hair smooth as glass on top—turned under in the back." New hats for all ages are young in spirit and line. Play up this fact in selling your junior hats (see pages 72-5). The sailor, the breton, the bowler, the cloche are equally good and adaptable for mother or daughter and could be shown as a combination.

ADDED INTEREST

Fashion points to back-skirt interest in dresses and front-top interest in suits and blouses. For new slim skirts, Vogue says, "Satin bows, a slit, a soft fall of fullness" (page 40). Each is a break of the straight, severe line. End-of-winter-and-into-spring months bring a colour consciousness. As a selling point for your salespeople, suggest the practicality of a new, gay pink blouse and gloves—a bow—a Ming-blue waistcoat—startling big silver buttons to refurbish a suit of long standing (page 42). Arrange a window display of mannequins standing around a bar. Have the foreground figures with their backs to the street, thus showing the new, back skirt variations. Behind the bar, place other figures showing ideas for front appeal from the waist up.

TRANSITIONAL DRESSES

Vogue says, "Slim, eloquently understated little dresses can slip from winter's fur-lined coats into spring's light coats." The inside story—or dress—should be of even greater importance than the covering—or coat. Spotlight little transitional dresses such as those Vogue shows on pages 41, 46, 47. High fashion now, they will retain their wearability not only through the spring season but also all year. In this vein, the two-piece dress or jumper is eloquent. Play up the theme that such dresses may be compared to a new book, good now in its first printing that will be equally interesting under a new cover later.

MIDWINTER FASHIONS LOOK TOWARD SPRING

These four quotations on cards without cost

Vogue Merchandising Service, 420 Lexington Ave.

VOGUE SAYS:

"Set a sailor straight— on your head."

VOGUE SAYS:

"The little bowler— right with dresses, right with suits."

VOGUE SAYS:

"A beret— the all-engagement hat."

VOGUE SAYS:

" 'Neat' is the word for 1944 fashions."

These Quotations For Your Own Use

Put Them on Your Own Cards, and Use Them in Your Advertising

HATS

Vogue says:
"Face framers—hats like coifs."

Vogue says:
"Close-fitting bowlers look extremely young."

Vogue says:
"New streamlined berets—closest in spirit to soft clothes."

Vogue says:
"Pin on a beret with the biggest jewel in your velvet lined case."

Vogue says:
"Enfold your forehead in a face-framing hat."

JUNIOR HATS

Vogue says:
"Wear a grown-up version of a little-girl sailor."

Vogue says:
"Skullcaps capitalize on front and back hair interest."

Vogue says:
"A little-girl sailor tips to any point of the compass."

Vogue says:
"Basque beret—willing to please, however you push it."

Vogue says:
"A Basque beret—easy background for a jewel."

Vogue says:
"Juniors want little disk hats that slide into place."

Vogue says:
"The scotch cap—henchman for a suit or reefer."

Vogue says:
"The bowler sports a brim that's a snap."

Vogue says:
"The bowler—fun and fine for now or spring."

DRESSES

Vogue says:
"Dream of July in January in a sleeveless, two-piece dress."

Vogue says:
"A slit excites slim skirt interest."

Vogue says:
"Ripple of back fullness for new slim skirts."

Vogue says:
"A sun-yellow poplin dress—made for spring or Southern shade."

Vogue says:
"Tight skirts and box jackets are neat."

Vogue says:
"Stocking smooth jumper dress—two pieces that fit as well as one."

Vogue says:
"A jumper is an all-day, year-long dress."

Vogue says:
"Slim little dresses to slip from winter's fur-lined coats into spring's light coats."

ACCESSORIES AND GENERAL

Vogue says:
"A buckskin money-bag swings over the shoulder."

Vogue says:
"Beige is a strong neutral."

Vogue says:
"Bright linings for a new year."

Vogue says:
"A dash of colour in unaccustomed places."

Vogue says:
"Big accessories, big news."

Vogue says:
"Natural pigskin bag and gloves against a yellow suit."

Vogue says:
"Point up a yellow suit with a black hat and bag."

Vogue says:
"With a suit team a natural colour sweater and string gloves."

Vogue says:
"A monotone study—grey sweater, grey cloche with a grey flannel suit."

Vogue says:
"Hot pink—a staccato touch with a black or navy suit.

TRADE EDITION SUBSCRIPTIONS
2 YEARS (48 ISSUES) $8.00
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JANUARY 15, 1944

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Bonwit Teller

NEW YORK, WHITE PLAINS

Philip Mangone The utterly simple, soft little suit Mangone does with such distinction. One of Forstmann's new, smooth-surfaced wools in navy, the jacket overlaid with navy braid . . or black with black braid. New-looking under furs, 115.00 Misses' Suit Salon, Fourth Floor

Trencher

. . . rich in the tradition of fine furs
. . . presents a Natural Brown Russian Broadtail
. . . but one of a breathtaking collection
at the New Salon on

Fifth Avenue

MINK
Perfectly matched finger-tip length Wild or Ranch Mink . . $2250

☆

PERSIAN
Silver grey or jet, jet black silky, tightly curled . . $950

☆

BEAVER
An exquisite coat in soft duo-tones, superbly tailored . . $950

☆

SABLE
A selection of scarves to set off that tailored suit . . $125 a skin

☆

BAUM MARTEN
So soft and oh so flattering scarves or muffs $100 a skin

☆

SILVER FOX
For almost all occasions a custom-tailored jacket . . . $750

The full sleeves, deep cuffs and full back accent the shimmering highlights of this Mandarin coat custom-tailored in the TRENCHER Tradition . . $3000

•

649 FIFTH AVENUE
Between 51st and 52nd Streets
Downtown Salon . . . 277 Grand St.

THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE FURRIER IN OLD NEW YORK

McManus

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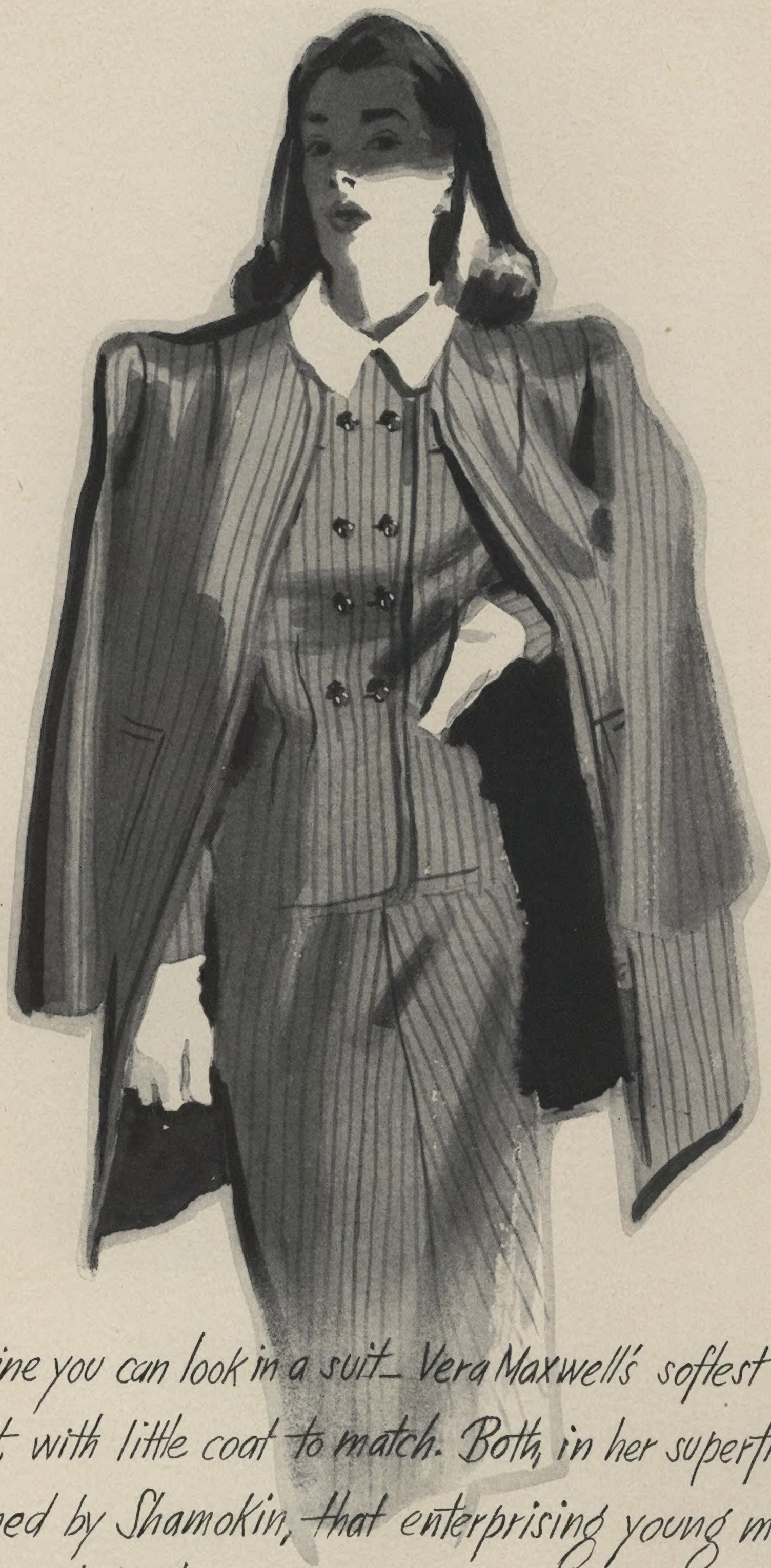
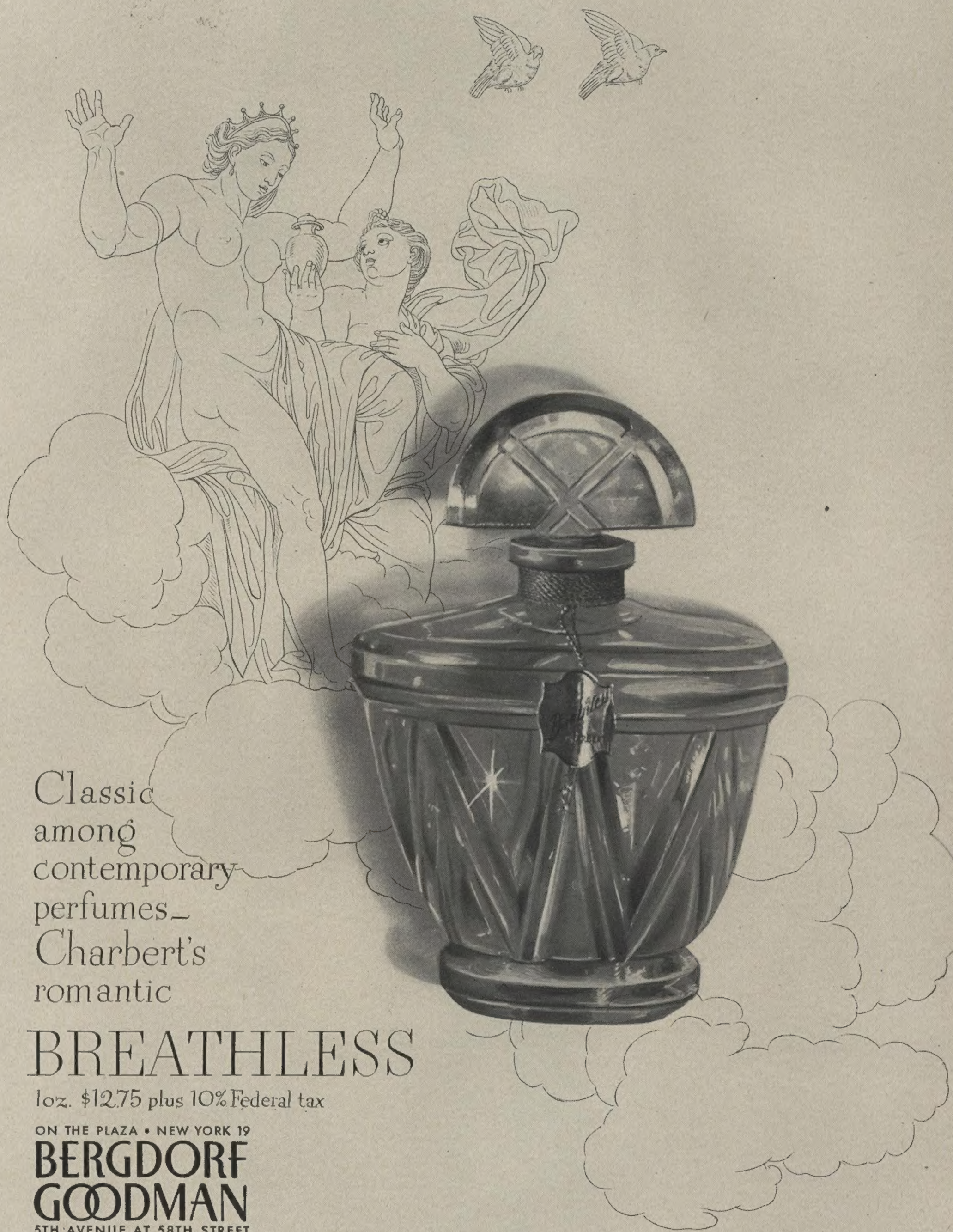


See how feminine you can look in a suit_ Vera Maxwell's softest and youngest suit, with little coat to match. Both, in her superfine new worsted loomed by Shamokin, that enterprising young mill that's producing such distinctive and intriguing pure wools. Lord & Taylor



Classic
among
contemporary
perfumes—
Charbert's
romantic

BREATHLESS

1oz. $12.75 plus 10% Federal tax

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

Good grey Peckets . . .

with the quiet charm of a Quaker frock. They're composed of a soft grey worsted so fine it ripples like a batiste . . . so firm it tailors like a man's suit. Miron Flannel, it's called—purest virgin wool, in this Spring's favorite grey, and beautiful too in jewel tones. Misses' sizes, 19.95.

PECK & PECK

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ROXSPUN BRAND CLOTHES ARE MADE EXCLUSIVELY BY SHIPMAN & BAKER, INC., 500 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

Jordan Marsh

Navy blue elegance by Adele Simpson.
The mirrored buttons, the military collar, the braided detail—
a perfect summation of Spring-Suit Distinction. A Rodier woolen. $110.
The blouse $16.95. The John-Frederics hat $38.50.

JORDAN MARSH COMPANY • BOSTON, MASS. • NEW ENGLAND'S GREAT STORE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BALKIN AT PRINCESS GOURIELLI'S APARTMENT

Chen Yu . . . lustrous as sequins

Radiant, light-catching CHEN YU becomes (is it possible) even more exciting as the lights go on . . . it's then it *glows* and *sparkles* until it's the most captivating of all nail make-ups. Nineteen original CHEN YU shades . . . one never gives a thought to chipping!

made in U. S. A.

CHEN YU *long lasting nail lacquer*

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Swansdown

SETS THE PACE

You feel smarter—and look smarter in Swansdown Fashions because you know they are correct—because inside and outside every detail is perfectly handled—because the tailoring is unquestionably tops. The suit shown here, in an all-wool twill loomed by American Woolen Co., is ready to brighten the last days of Winter—to welcome early Spring. About $45.

Write for free booklet V "Behind Fashion's Camera"—the do's and don'ts of Fashion.

WAR BONDS BELONG ON EVERY BUDGET

For store in your city, write THE HOUSE OF SWANSDOWN, 500 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, N. Y., MORRIS W. HAFT & BROTHERS

naturally
at
Himelhoch's
Detroit
Hattie Carnegie,
brilliant colorist,
does a dramatic dress
for our new spring collection.

a Duplex fabric means a finer fashion

LOUISE DAHL-WOLFE

*Vera Maxwell original in Trigger Cloth**

Duplex Fabrics

*An inspired fabric . . . spun-rayon flannel, soft to the touch yet so firm and smoothly woven. Tebilized for crease-resistance. Trigger Cloth means a better suit . . . just as all Duplex Fabrics mean finer, more beautiful fashions.

DUPLEX FABRICS CORPORATION, 1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

RUFFLE

OF SPRING

FRESH, LADYLIKE TOUCH TO THE SPIRITED LITTLE COSTUME YOU NEED TO MATCH YOUR MOOD RIGHT NOW; JEWEL BUTTONS ON JUILLARD WOOL CUT WITH BEAUTIFUL EFFECT FOR YOUR FIGURE. SOFT BLUE, PINK, PURPLE, NAVY, BLACK; MISSES' SIZES. 39.95

FASHION SALON DRESSES, THIRD FLOOR
ALSO NEW ROCHELLE AND HEMPSTEAD

ARNOLD CONSTABLE

FIFTH AVENUE AT 40TH, NEW YORK • NEW ROCHELLE • HEMPSTEAD

Mood for simplicity

striking...unadorned or embellished with a bow

Without benefit of ornate stitchery or multi-tone trickery, witness how a master craftsman achieves beauty with matchless modeling alone. And whether your first choice for spring is an Andrew Geller dressy or tailored model, wear it unadorned ...or, if you like, dress it with a bow that best complements the particular shoe.

ANDREW GELLER *Exquisite Footwear*

537 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

FREDERICK & NELSON SEATTLE

Present and future perfect, with your furs and with the spring . . . fitted cardigan suit with dressmaker details, cut by one of America's finest tailors in mist grey woolen. $110.

UNITED NATIONS PRINTS ON DALLO SHEER OF BEMBERG* RAYON

Double-time into Spring with these Henry Rosenfeld Originals. Bright United Nations prints on Dallo Sheer, a washable fabric of "Bemberg* Rayon" . . . wonderful under your Winter coat now, they'll skip merrily along all Spring and Summer, too. Left: softly tailored shirtwaister in the United Nations Flag Tree print. Right: a beruffled and low-necked frock in the United Nations Hemisphere print. In lilac, coral, blue and green.
Sizes 10 to 18. About $10.00. At Arnold Constable & Co.

henry rosenfeld

498 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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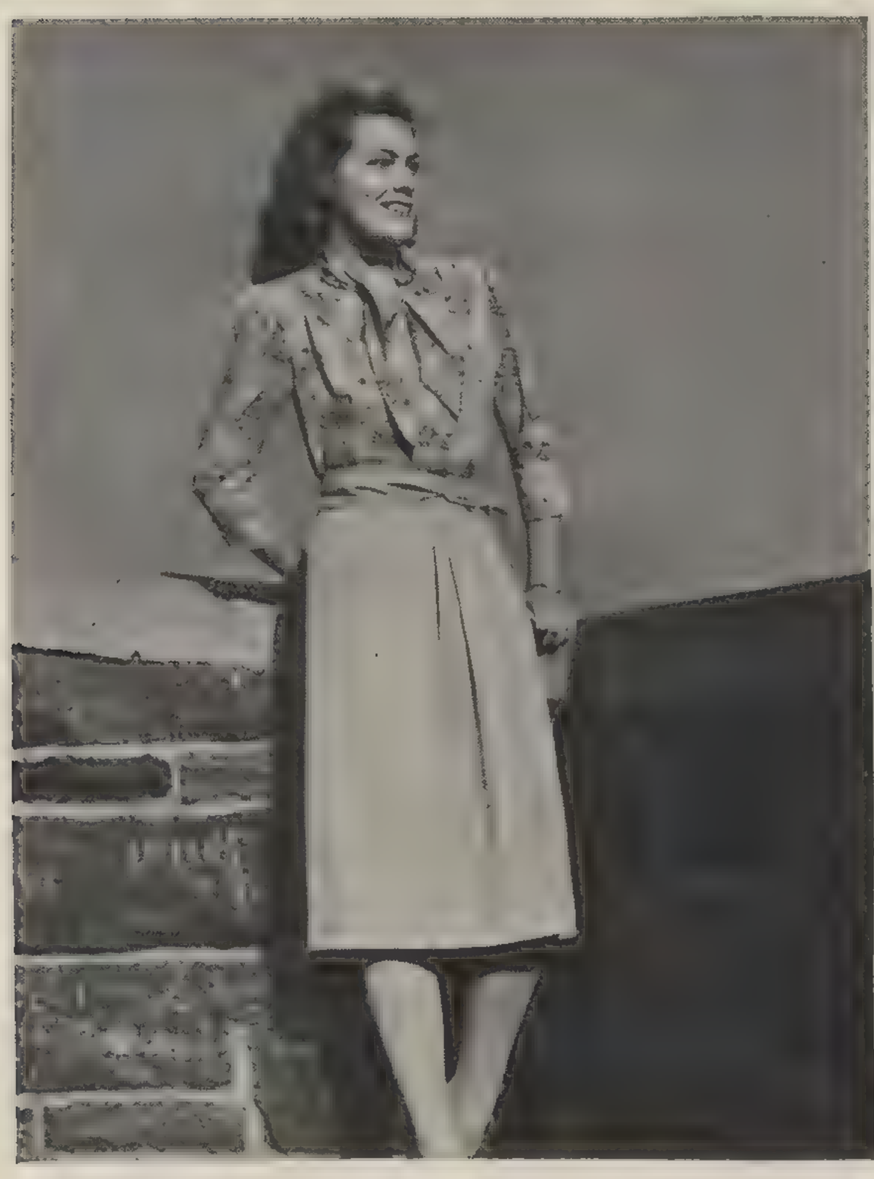
DESIGNS FOR

PENTHOUSE OR PRAIRIE

Frost Bros. San Antonio



SPORTS DRESS $25.00
White, red, grey.

COWBOY CHECK COAT . $39.98
Black and white check.

★

PRINT BLOUSE AND SIDE-DRAPED SKIRT ARE STUNNING SEPARATES

BLOUSE with yellow ground or aqua ground $10.98

SKIRT in black, red or aqua $12.98

★

SLACKS in black $12.98

JACKET in black or red . . $17.98

BLOUSE in white, black, yellow, aqua, pink $9.98

FROST BROS. ★ SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
The Gateway to Mexico

A Boon Companion to fine Classics

RANGOON
A ROSEWOOD FABRIC
Reg U S Pat Off

RANGOON, a fabric of unqualified quality, bestowing sumptuous tone, taste and texture on today's classic fashions and tomorrow's ... a gregarious gabardine, favored companion to a diverse array of smartly tailored casual clothes.

Look for RANGOON at fine stores when you buy slacks, skirts, suits and other sportswear.

J. ROSENHOLZ, INC. · · · 1410 Broadway, New York City
A Rosewood Fabric Means Quality Without Compromise

Pure wool suit-dress crispened for Spring with crackling plaid silk taffeta. Black or emerald. 10 to 18. 69.95

Matching taffeta bag, 22.50

DRESS CIRCLE, FOURTH FLOOR • FIFTH AVENUE AT 38th STREET, NEW YORK 18, N. Y. • Wisconsin 7-9600

MRS. EARL WARREN
First Lady of California
selects COTTON
for her daughter Virginia

"COTTON is the ideal dress fabric for a large family," says Mrs. Warren. "I wear it at home, for shopping and on official occasions, too." Mrs. Warren speaks with authority not only as the Governor's wife but as the mother of six lively children.

Here in the Governor's Mansion at Sacramento, Mrs. Warren is wearing a cotton lace gown in pastel blue. Virginia's dress is of printed seersucker.

Gowns by Renee of R. K. O.-Radio Pictures.

COTTON makes soap-and-water freshness yours at small cost and little effort... SIMPLE—Cotton is easy to wash. No complicated instructions needed. Cotton is even stronger wet than dry... SERVICEABLE—Cotton more than repays, with long wear, the simple care that keeps it fresh.

NATIONAL COTTON COUNCIL ★ COTTON TEXTILE INSTITUTE

Cotton Freshness IS A MUST IN FASHION

RAWLINGS

Suit by Mandelbaum
Fabric - Verdona by Pacific Mills
Worsted Division, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York

Pacific
Worsteds Woolens

as right as your sterling silver...
*Matching fingertips and lips by
Revlon
Revlon
BRIGHT FORECAST
NAIL ENAMEL
Revlon
*And, of course, Revlon's new
"Wind-Milled" Face Powder . . .
8 glorious shades to harmonize.

Safe with any soap

INCREDIBLE . . . a rayon dress that *is tubbable!* . . . in water as hot as you like, with any soap you like. Of the new CROWN-SHAN*, one of the *guaranteed washable* Crown 'SOAP'n'WATER* Fabrics that are color-fast, won't shrink more than a tiny 1%, will keep their newness.
Look for the clothespin tag and label . . . you'll see them only on rayons and cottons by Crown Fabrics Company, New York.
This CROWN-SHAN* rayon shantung dress . . . at Lord and Taylor, New York . . . Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago . . . Roos Bros., San Francisco . . . and other fine stores. 10 to 20. About $13.

CROWN SOAP'n'WATER* FABRICS

Hat, Bag, Jewelry
...By Lilly Daché

*Trade Mark Registered

setting the pace in the southland... Harveys
NASHVILLE

Young fashionables from Nashville looking very essence-of-spring in their good little dark dresses of sheer rayon, frosted with crisp lingerie—"beau-on-leave" basics from Harveys Nashville. *Left:* Stem-slender coat dress with wonderful white linen collar and cuffs. Sizes 12 to 20. *Right:* The peplum jacket has mirror buttons and a pale blue pique collar blooming with white embroidered tulips. Sizes 10 to 18. Both in Black, Brown or Navy . . . each **$22.95**

IF YOU CHOOSE YOU MAY ORDER BY MAIL. *Please state second color choice.*

Regimental gabardine, 20% wool
Zelan durable weather protection
made expressly for Duchess Royal
by AMERICAN SILK MILLS

Coat, about $40 . . . Sou'wester hat, about $8

"Good Neighbor" Print

An Original Sunshine Fashion* print inspired by our Good Neighbor Republics and typical of their bold colors, original designs. "Good Neighbor" Print comes in striking effects on soft rayon broadcloth in Sunshine yellow or Tropic blue. Sunshine Fashions* illustrated:

Dress, sizes 9 to 17, $19.95 • Hat, $5.95 • Bag, $5.00

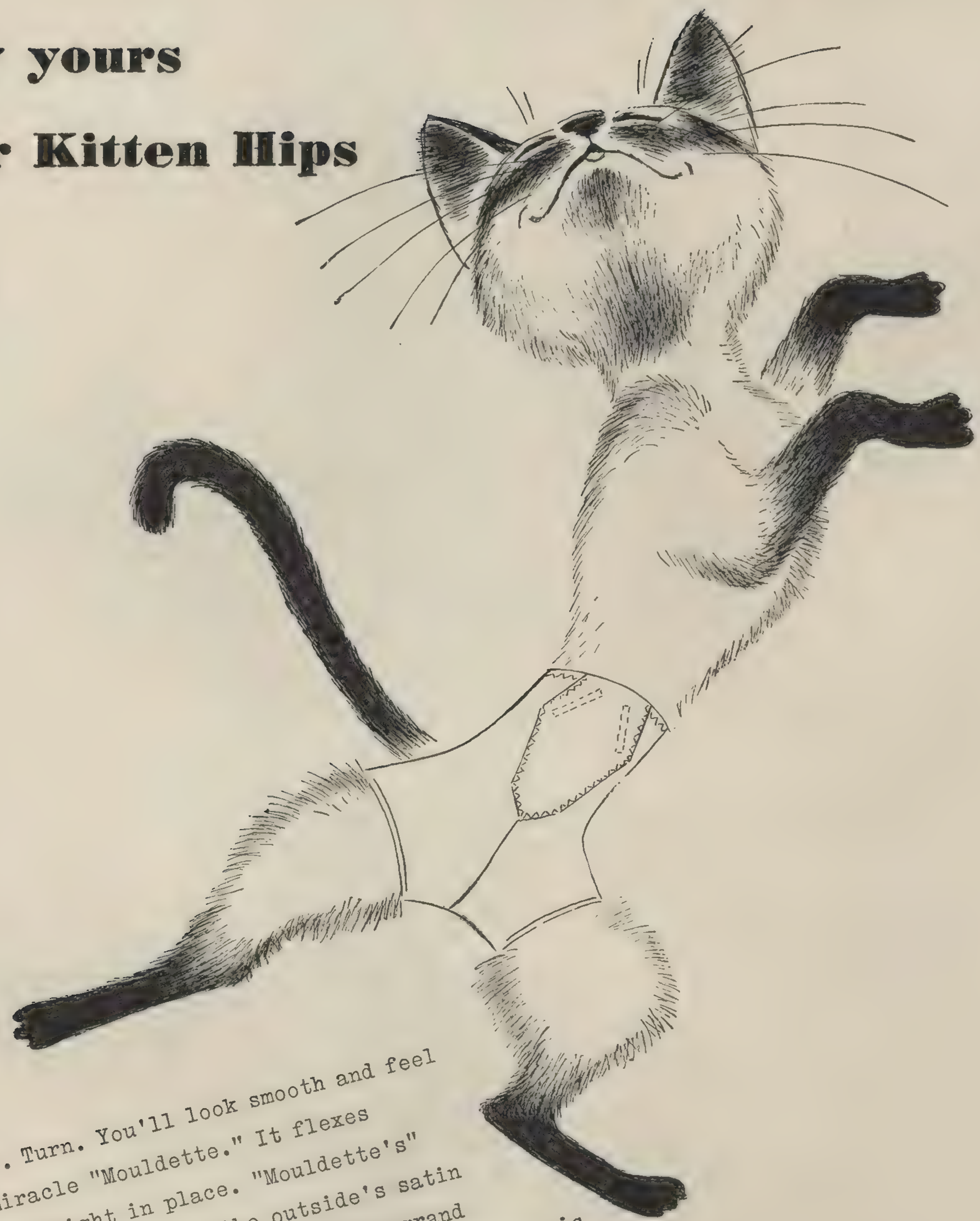
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

SUNSHINE FASHIONS

Burdine's

MIAMI • MIAMI BEACH • WEST PALM BEACH

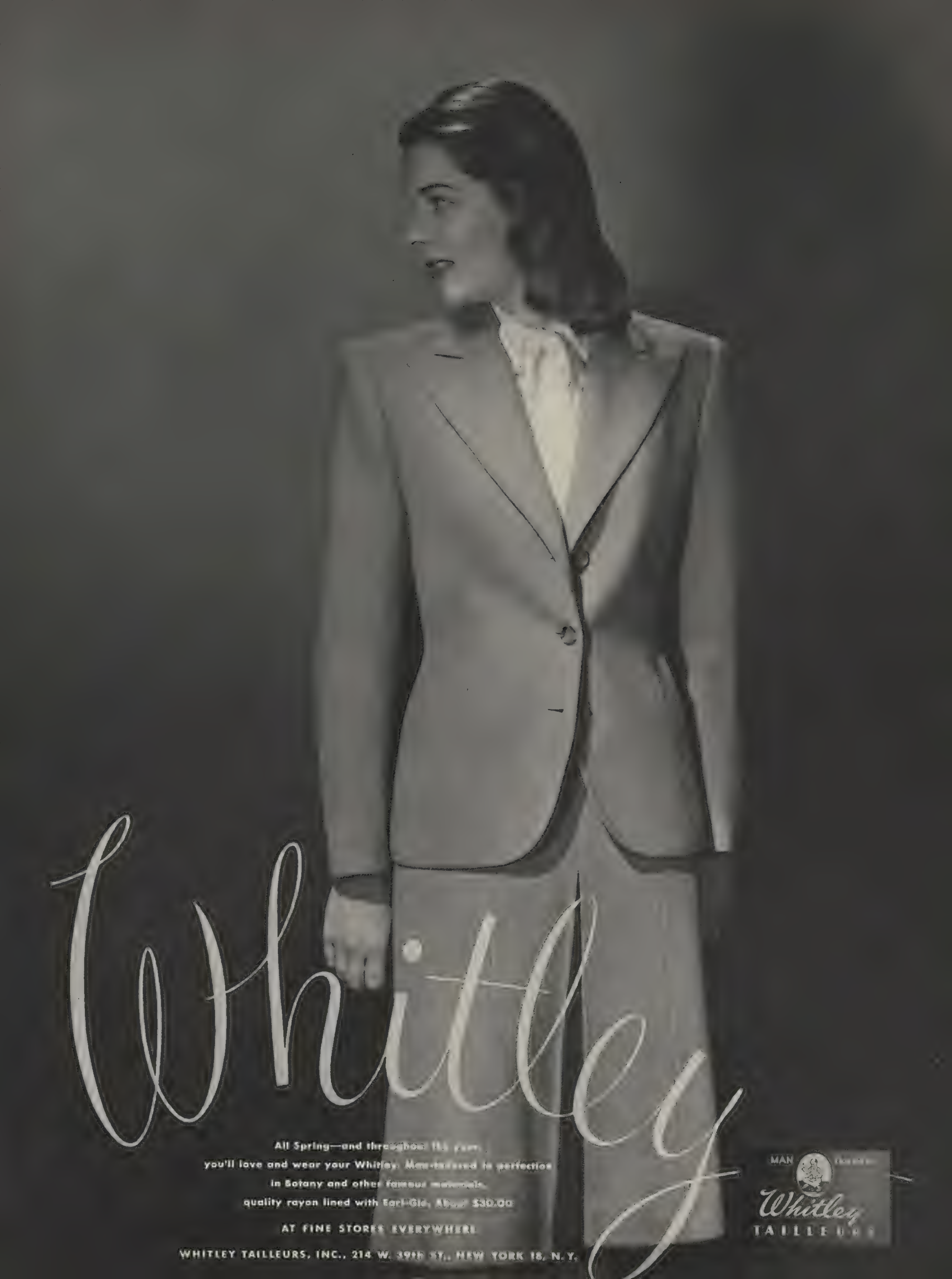
Actively yours for Kitten Hips



Stoop. Bend. Twist. Turn. You'll look smooth and feel smooth in Carter's miracle "Mouldette." It flexes like skin...stays right in place. "Mouldette's" suede-soft skin side hugs the body, the outside's satin sleek. Carter's, and only Carter's, make this grand power-knit jersey...then give it a bias mold cut. The result is active elasticity plus day long control. ***Ask better stores for Carter's girdles or pantie girdles...regular or brief length...$3 to $5. The William Carter Company, Needham Heights 94, Massachusetts.

DOES "MOULDETTE" WASH? It loves suds...wears wonderfully. The more you wash it, the nicer it gets!

Carter's Mouldette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All Spring—and throughout its year,
you'll love and wear your Whitley. Man-tailored to perfection
in Botany and other famous materials.
quality rayon lined with Earl-Glo. About $30.00
AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE
WHITLEY TAILLEURS, INC., 214 W. 39th ST., NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
MAN
Whitley
TAILLEURS

Carolyn*

Quiet elegance, derived from line as much as from color, expressed in a Carolyn creation tailored by Shipman & Baker. The fabric is pure wool in pastel blended stripes. The lining, Avalon rayon crepe woven with Celanese* yarn. Sizes 12 to 20. $35.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

John Frederics Hat

Spring pretender, an inspiring dress to wear now in mid-winter,
your face and wrists framed in rufflings of white embroidered batiste.
A frock of simple lines, and superlative fabric,
Maxwell's rayon crepe woven with Celanese yarn.
Sizes 10 to 20. $29.95.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Carolyn Modes
exclusively at these fine shops:

Albany, Ga.....Rosenberg Bros.
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Allentown, Pa.....H. Leh & Co.
Altoona, Pa.....Meyer Jonasson Co.
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Ambridge, Pa.....Pearl Fashion Shoppe
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Norfolk, Va.....Ames & Brownley
Oklahoma City, Okla.....Brown's
Pensacola, Fla.....Bon Marche
Philadelphia, Pa.....Gimbel Brothers
Phoenix, Ariz.....Korricks'
Pittsburgh, Pa.....Grastenfield Co.
Portsmouth, O.....Marting Bros. Co.
Rutland, Vt.....The Vogue Shop
Sacramento, Calif.....Hale Bros.
Salt Lake City, Utah.....Auerbach Co.
San Francisco, Calif.....Hale Bros.
San Jose, Calif.....Hale Bros.
Savannah, Ga.....Leopold Adler Co.
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Seattle, Wash.....Best's Apparel, Inc.
Sheridan, Wyo.....Baertsch's
Spartanburgh, S. C., The Aug. W. Smith Co.
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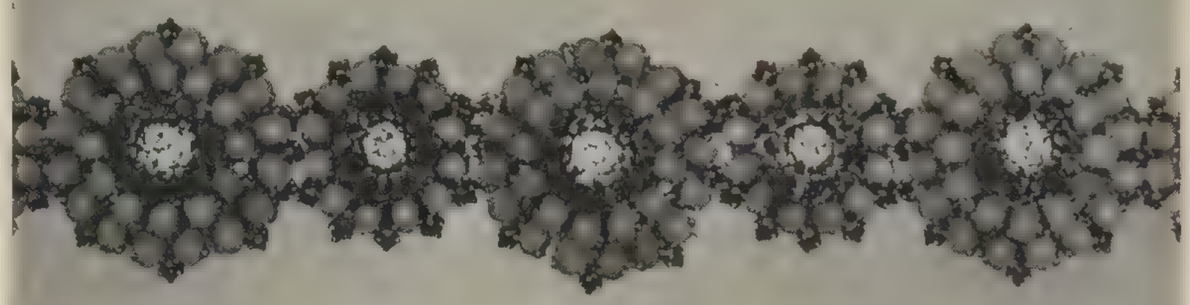

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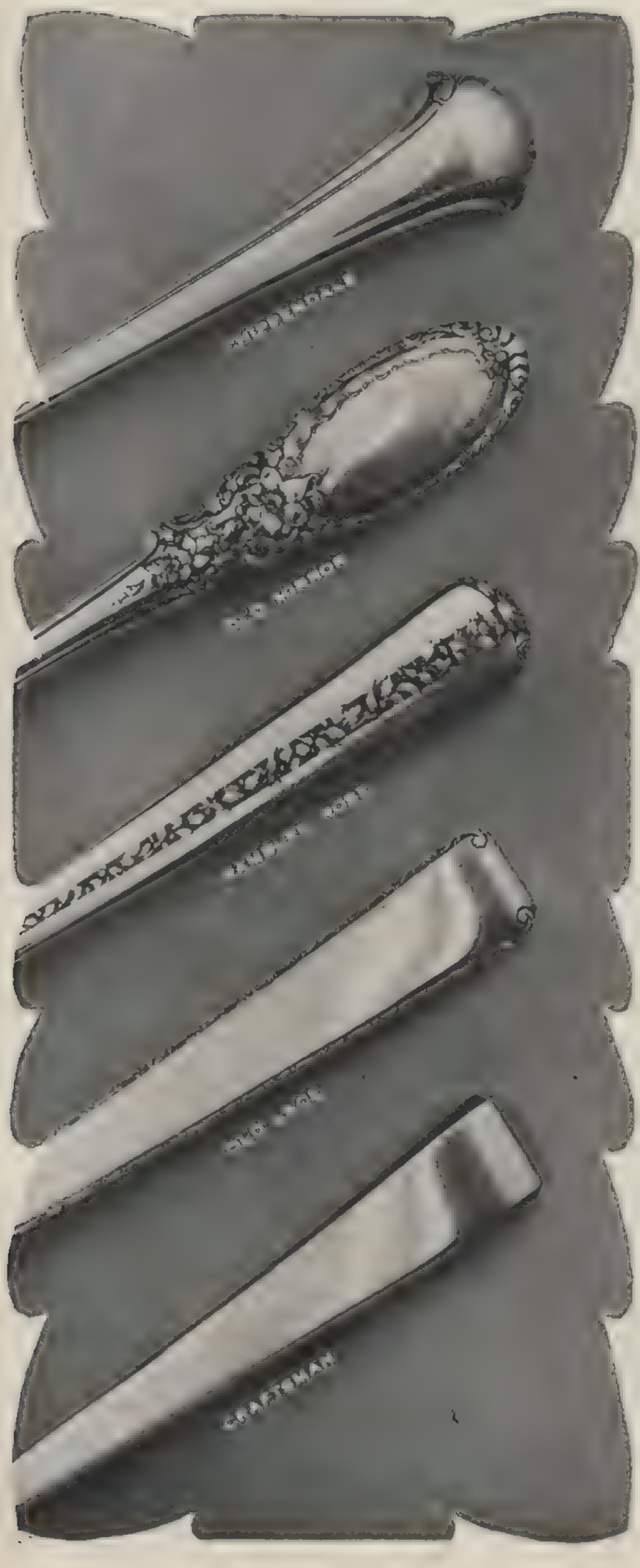

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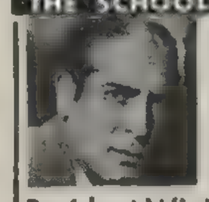

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ON COVER. An absolutely new hat, absolutely flat, worn in an absolutely new place—over one ear. Mostly gold veil, partly felt. John-Frederics design at Rich's; Neiman-Marcus; The Blum Store

SPRING HATS

The closest cloche....34
Hats sit tight....35
The bowler; the beret....36–37
Hats—the Photomaton way....38–39
Close coifs....63
Junior straw vote....72
Juniors *do* wear hats....73–75

FASHIONS

Dresses with back interest....40
Beige with colour....41
Colour in unaccustomed places....42–43
Sun and surf clothes....44–45
When your coat comes off....46–47
Look for the sun....66–67
Suits with two lives....68–69
1944 outline of fashion....70
Designs for dressmaking....71, 98
Prescription for tired faces....78

WINTER READER

Vogue's-eye view....33
The Mountbattens, *by Lesley Blanch*....48–49
The bad man, *by Jimmy Savo*....51
Cancer...facts you should know, *by Dr. Clarence Cook Little*....52–53
Autobiographical, but not me, *by Betty Smith*....54–55
The best for baby, *by Philip Wylie*....55–56
What's your hurry, anyhow?, *by Oliver St. John Gogarty*....57
Gossip, *by Antoine*....58
Returned on the "Gripsholm," *by Ann Nash*..59
Thinking straight on war and peace, *by Clifton Fadiman and Mortimer Adler*....60–62
"Now I'll tell one," *by Walter Duranty*....64–65
I learned about cooking from them, *by Herbert Haseltine*....76–77

THERE ARE TWO VOGUES: AMERICAN and BRITISH
(French Vogue is temporarily suspended)

EDNA WOOLMAN CHASE
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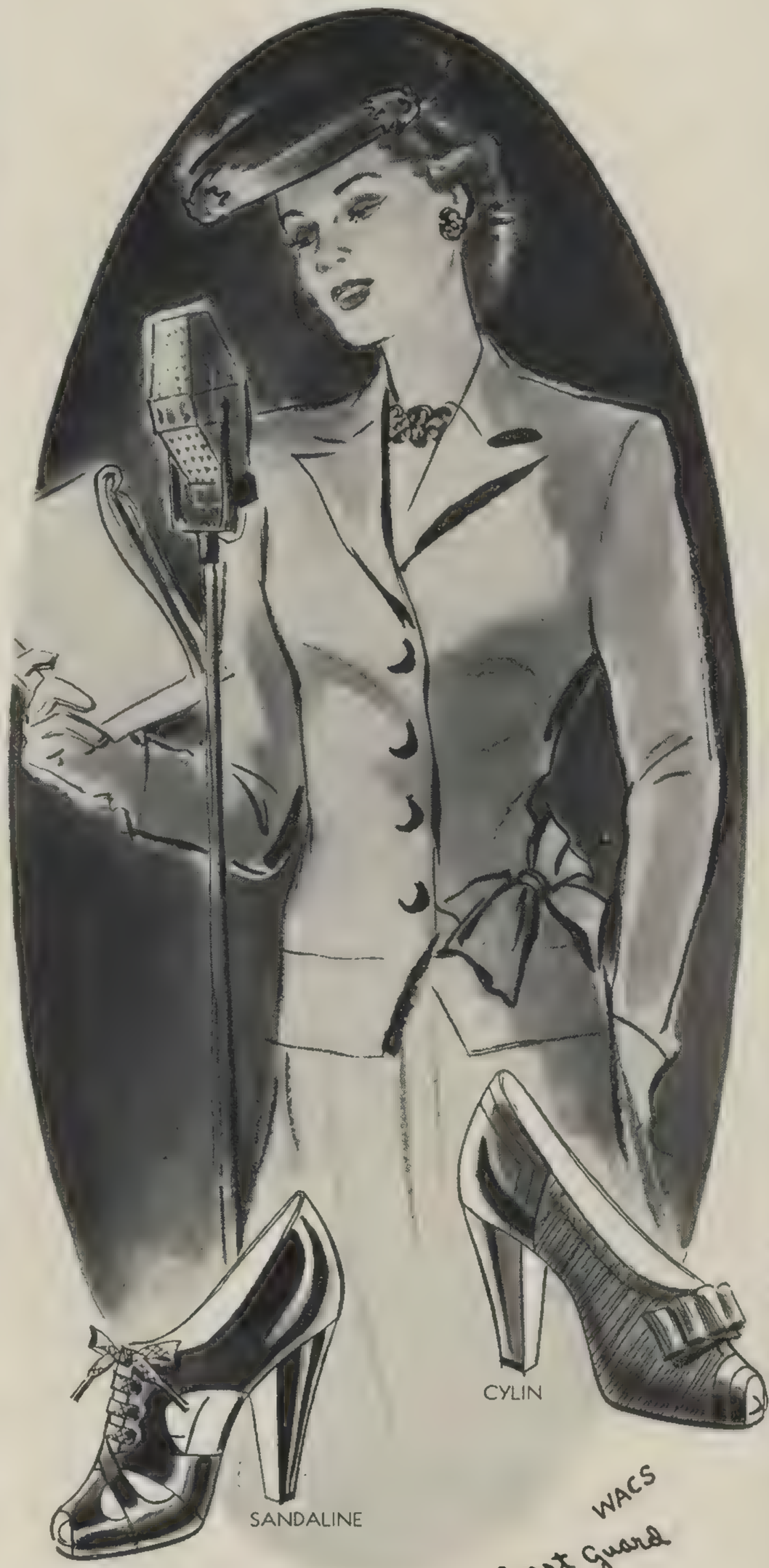

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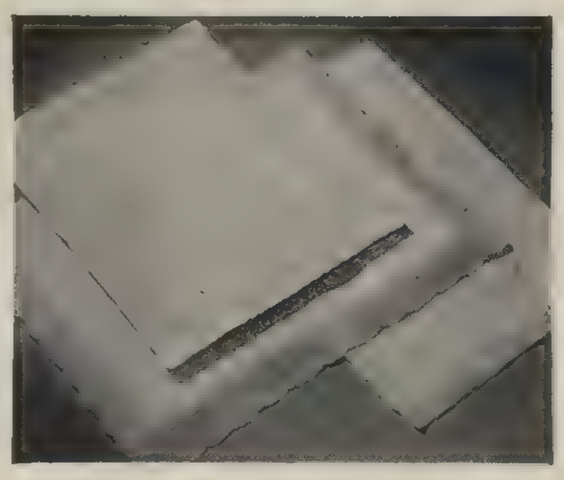
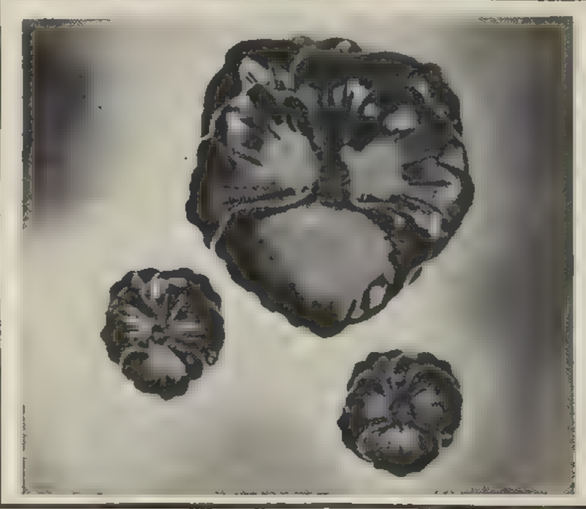
Baby Dreams on baby pillows. All have pillow-slips of pure linen, all are 12″ by 16″. One has a hand-embroidered design; $5. The second has a hand-embroidered flounce, a dotted pattern; $12.50. Last, an open-end pillow-slip, lace-trimmed; $7.50. Max Littwitz, 7 East Forty-seventh St., N. Y. 17.





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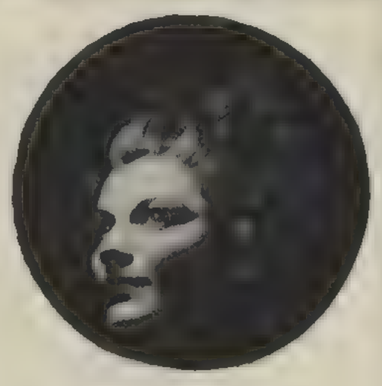

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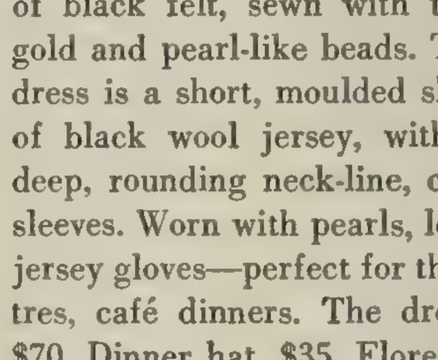

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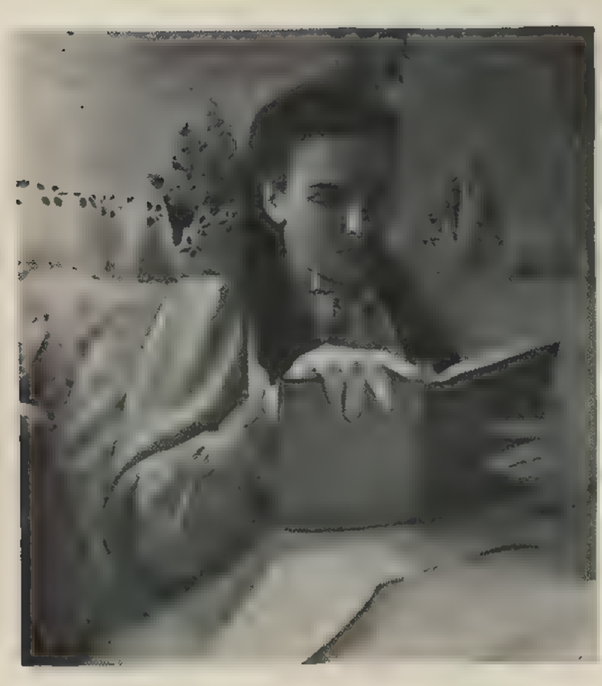
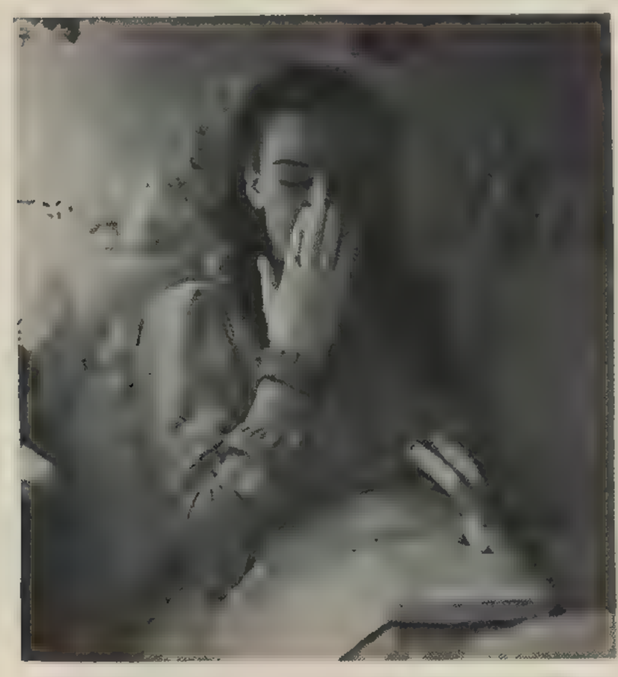




KAY BELL

HERE'S a little observation test. An easy one. What do you see in the three photographs at the left? A pretty girl—reading, yawning, falling asleep? Look again. Put on your reading glasses. And you'll see a neat little beauty trick—hand-cream gloves that soften work-calloused hands while you read. There's more than meets the naked eye in all the illustrations herein—all 94 of them. Read into the hat photographs the close relation between hat and head. Read into those old words Beret and Bowler and Cloche their new 1944 slants. Read into the fashion photographs not only tight skirts and box-jackets and jumper dresses and bright linings and tunics and cap sleeves and convertible suits and big accessories—but that omnipresent word "neat."

Herein, too, words, words, words...more than 25,000 words. New words, old words, Homeric words, homely words. Words to read for pleasure or for information, for a stimulant or a soporific. Some very unfuzzy words on that all-too-nebulous word, "Peace." Some reassuring words about that terrifying word, "Cancer." Some scorching words about that word, "Shirker." Some haunting words about "Hunger" by prisoners who arrived on the *Gripsholm.* Some polished prose by an Irish poet. Some unmalicious gossip by a hair-dresser. Gentle words about a Bad Man by a Funny Man. Controversial words about an omelette. And four tales by an international correspondent whose anecdotes keep people sitting up half the night.

THIS SPRING...HATS SIT TIGHT

This is the spring of real hats. They have substance and form. They are small, snug, neat, unself-conscious. They contradict neither a silhouette nor a costume. They conform. Even so they manage to have great individuality. You'll like them. And so will the men. See how new they look. How in one season many hats have taken on a rounded, sleek, cast-and-mould contour. They have displaced large masses of hair. If you are to be interested in a new hat this spring...you must look first to your hair. The ideal head is small, smoothly-rounded, well-tended...either with a shingle or with long hair dressed close and sleek.

With the small, defined head achieved, All is Yours: the Cloche, the Bowler, the Chaplet, the flexible Beret, the little hat you pin over your ear, the miniature hat that sits forward, crouched between two upswept curls. Consider the cloche. The cloche "Twenty Years After" is no 1926 bathing-cap. It is much softer. Much more gentle. It starts a little further back. Shows a little hair. There are some sailors about...with the narrowest brims you've ever seen.

Consider the bowler. Not the stiff bowl that sits high and gets tapped with a riding-whip. But a tiny bowl that fits very closely to the back of the head. It looks extremely young. Right with dresses, with suits. The beret is closest in spirit to the new clothes. Berets are designed in assorted sizes...small, smaller, smallest. The largest has only a six-inch wing-spread. Berets are the all-engagement hat. They are "good" worn any way that's most becoming: straight on the head; pulled back off the forehead, and flattened out as though heading into a ninety-mile gale; or shaped with a new look of width. Many a beret ennobled with a brilliant jewel and a tiny nose veil goes out, with great elegance, to dinner.

Veils don't stream and flutter. They are shaped to the face; many so gossamer they are almost invisible. Of malines and tulle. Face veils, nose veils, eye veils. Very Boldini. Very flattering. One of the most popular hats of this spring will be the small, all-black hat. The black on black hat. Satin or faille on felt. You'll see the all-white hat. Whitest white. White faille or grosgrain or straw. Beige and grège suits will still look best with beige and grège hats. In a spring of black and white and monotones, colours that will bring a sharp flavour will be lemon, citron, chartreuse. This is the spring when the Eyes will have it. When most foreheads are bare—widow's peak or no! When hats won't compete with—but will complete—pretty faces.

THE CLOSEST CLOCHE (opposite)

Suave, smooth, and snug—the new back-tilted hair-line cloche—a linear study in understatement. Foreground: Beige cloche pulled down to ear-tips with the merest suggestion of hair showing. Centre: Ear-hugging cloche of blue felt, pinched to Dutch-cap shape. No wisps of front hair. Top: Beret pulled down to ear-tops and tilted back like a cloche. All: Henri Bendel Originals.

• Coiffures for the new, close hats of this and following pages, by Michel of Helena Rubinstein

RAWLINGS

THE BOWLER

Bowlers that lie pat on your head, back-tilted in a new exposé for the young and pretty brow. Worn with dresses, with suits. Foreground: Straw top; studded ribbon. Centre: Beige felt; black satin inserts. Top: Red felt; black satin bands and bow. Bowlers: Sally Victor; Carson Pirie Scott.

THE BERET

Toujour le béret — but in new shapes, and on new slants — offside or back-tilted — to keep in touch with the newest hair-slants. Foreground: Button-mushroom of red felt. Centre: Sidewise tri-corner of blue felt. Top: Dormer-roof-slanted beret; pink straw. Traina-Norell berets; Bonwit Teller; Frost's.

RAWLINGS

HATS...THE PHOTOMATON WAY

7 hats, 25 views, good from all sides

WHEN you choose your little spring hats, give them your own "consumer test." How do you look—side, front, back? Here are seven, photographed as you might take your own picture in a booth: Insert coin, smile, sit still. Give to the man most likely to appreciate you in a New Hat.

1. Snow-white scuttle brim, edged in coal-black. Folded crown. Lilly Daché.

2. Navy-blue felt scoop brim, red-piped, topped with wings. Florence Reichman.

3. High, wrap-it-yourself turban of black taffeta. Lydia. Add your own jewel.

4. Shadow-box bonnet of navy-blue and white checked surah. Florence Reichman.

5. Snug, shallow cloche of navy-blue faille. A Hattie Carnegie Original.

6. White moyen-âge cloche—navy-blue satin ribbon. Hattie Carnegie Original.

7. Felt-and-satin sailor. Narrowest brim in town. Bergdorf Goodman Original.

4
5
6
7

Back Business

Ripple of back fullness for new slim skirts. First: Joseph Halpert's fishtail rayon crêpe. Bergdorf Goodman; Lindner Coy.

Second: Satin bows, a slit, a soft fall of fullness. Blue Onondaga rayon crêpe. Jay-Thorpe; Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia.

• **Opposite:** Traina-Norell backs beige. First: Beige for a long, buttoned blouse and a box-jacket lining. Red wool jersey suit. Bonwit Teller; Martha Weathered.

Second: Beige for a collarless coat like a dressing-gown. Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh; The 28 Shop, Marshall Field.

Third: Beige for a jumper, attached to a wool jersey skirt, over a black blouse. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin; Nan Duskin

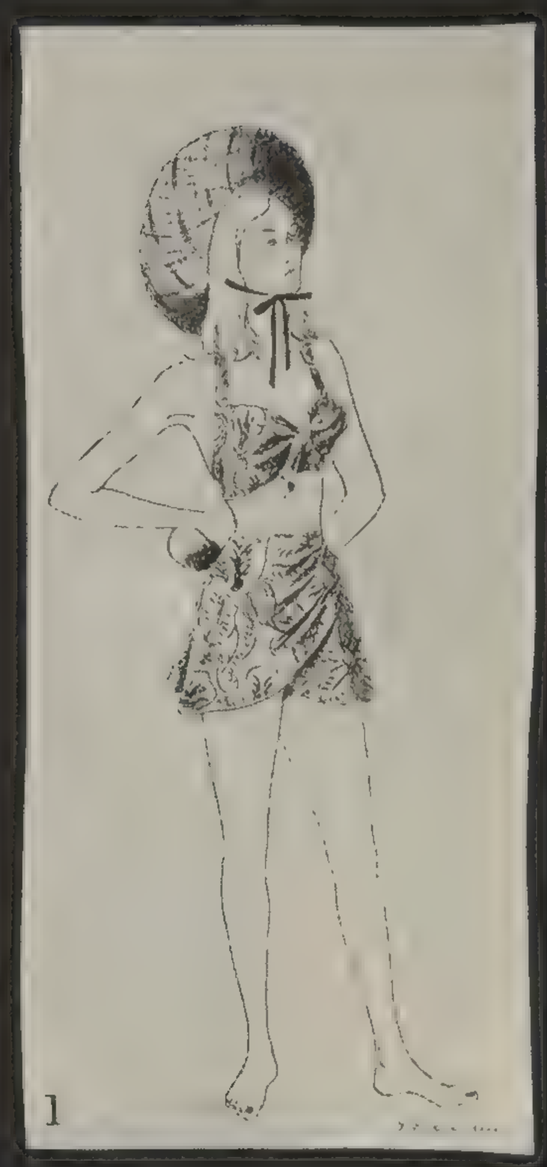
Colour in unaccustomed places

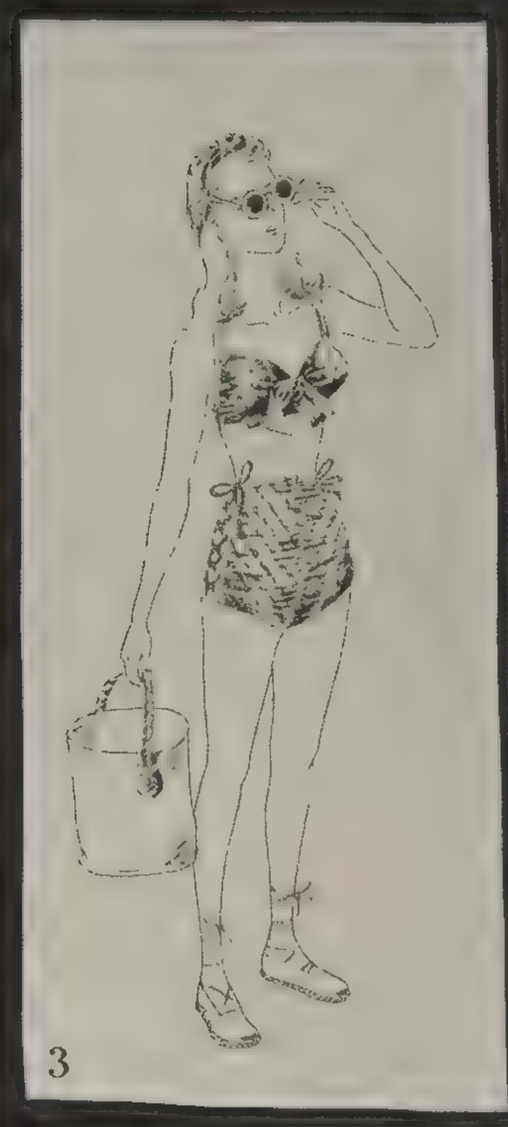
JOFFÉ

MARSHA HUNT of Hollywood—at present, highly visible in "Cry Havoc" and "Lost Angel"—here wears a subtly underplayed, long dinner-dress. Black-and-white checked rayon crêpe, cut clean as a man's shirt—a glinting wedge of sequins sewn shoulder to waist. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin; and The 28 Shop, Marshall Field

Unexpected Colour (opposite)

- **Hot pink** dotted bow and gloves on a blue wool suit with soutache. Hattie Carnegie Original.
- **Hot pink** blouse and gloves on black wool cutaway suit. Hattie Carnegie Original; Nan Duskin.
- **Yellow-gold** blouse, blue Forstmann wool suit by Maurice Rentner. Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's.
- **Ming-blue** and white waistcoat blouse with Maurice Rentner's suit of black Forstmann wool. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.
- **Red, blue** bookmark ribbons. Rayon crêpe, by Maurice Rentner. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus





Sun and surf clothes

New Electrees to the Beach Club—two-piece suits, bare, brief, bright. 1. White rayon jersey, printed with a tangle of tropical flowers. Skirt wrapped like a pareu. Cole of California design. $12. Bonwit Teller. 2. Flicker on the sand: flame-red suit of rayon "Terry Moss." Bra top, a flaring skirt. By Gantner of California. $9. Lord and Taylor. 3. Indian cotton, striped in Indian-summer oranges, yellows, browns. Side-laced trunks. By Cole of California. $13. Saks Fifth Avenue. 4. Willow-blue flower print on white cotton—stitched for a quilted effect. Trunks with front-skirt. Mabs of Hollywood design. $10. Altman. 5. Beige as the beach: knitted wool suit by Jantzen. $9. Burdine's.

SONO OSATO (opposite) wears a new play-and-exercise suit, with wrapped trunks; sleeveless blouse with a bow. Of rayon jersey. Claire McCardell design. About $20. Lord and Taylor; Filene's; L. S. Ayres.

Somo Osato, dancer of "One Touch of Venus"

RAWLINGS

R.P.T. Sanchez

WHEN YOUR COAT COMES OFF

Slim, young, eloquently understated little dresses that can slip from winter's fur-lined coats, into spring's light coats. Above, left: Stocking-smooth jumper dress of light brown wool—proof that two pieces can fit as well as one. An all-day, year-long dress with high collar, cuffs of white piqué. $30. Sizes 10 to 16. Lord and Taylor; Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia. Centre: Afternoon suit-dress of black rayon crêpe, with trouser-pleated skirt and notched jacket front. Turquoise collar and cuffs of faille erupt in flares of white cotton. Pleated gilet. $60. Sizes 10 to 18. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Right: Dinner suit-dress of bengaline shantung. Oval picture-frame collar. $40. Sizes 10 to 18. Best.

Opposite: This—when your coat comes off—a dress of rayon crêpe with an all-day-long design, in an all-year-long bright red. Gathered in front. New, day short sleeves. $30. Sizes 10 to 16. Capri design; Altman; Himelhoch's; Joseph Horne.

CECIL BEATON

Family in uniform: Lord Louis Mountbatten, Supreme Allied Commander, South East Asia; Lady Louis, head of the Joint Red Cross and St. John's Organization; Pamela, a Girl Guide; Patricia, a Wren

Out of hospital after an operation on his hand, Lord Louis in mufti, at home

In the drawing-room, signed photographs of the royal family, rare porcelain, old silver

At "Broadlands", the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven, Lord Louis' mother

The Mountbattens...Headline Family

ALL IN UNIFORM, LORD AND LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN AND THEIR DAUGHTERS WORK AT WAR JOBS

By Lesley Blanch

MR. CHURCHILL is no more given to idle praises than idle phrases. But when the hour or the man truly merits his eulogies, he is unstinting. Lord Louis Mountbatten is the man of the hour. And when, in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister announced Lord Louis' appointment as Supreme Allied Commander, South-east Asia, he gave full measure of praise to this outstanding personality.

Lord Louis Mountbatten is a magnetic and glittering figure. But no figurehead, for, as the years went by, the real man emerged from behind the façade. What a sumptuous façade it was. The polo-playing playboy who, as Prince Louis of Battenberg, may be said to have been born to the purple at Windsor, with a silver-gilt spoon in his mouth. Who was the son of a Prussian prince and whose mother was a granddaughter of Queen Victoria. Whose charm of manner was only surpassed by his legendary good looks. Who was the King's cousin, and close friend of both the Dukes of York and Kent and A.D.C. to the Prince of Wales. Who married the richest girl in England, the beautiful Edwina Ashley, heiress to the Cassel millions.... It reads like a novelette.

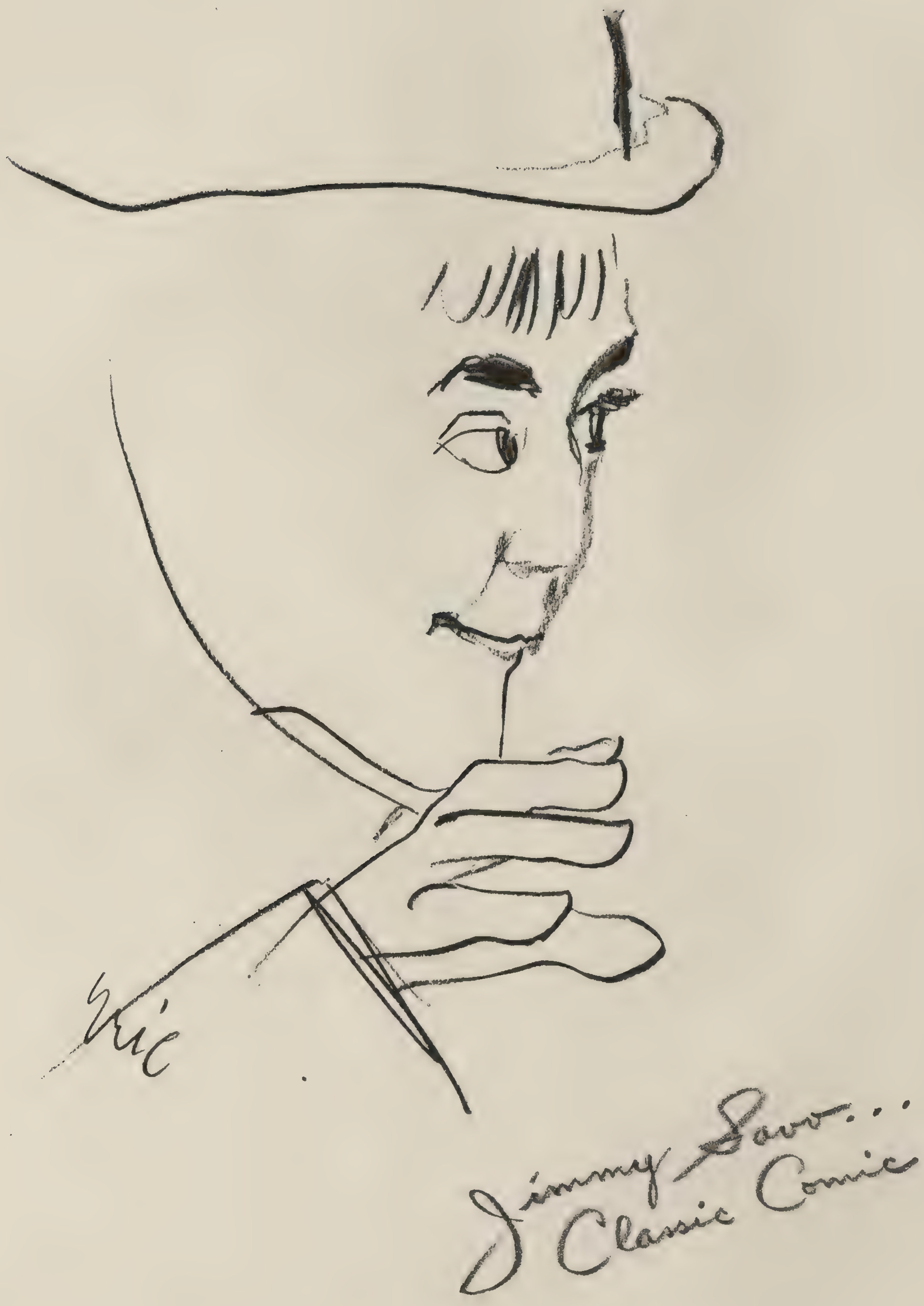
Together they set the pace for this giddiest, most restless period, the early 'Twenties. If they could not be said to bask in that fierce light that beats upon a throne, neither could they be said to be limelight dodgers. They were always headline news, for they were marvellously good copy, and oh!, so *photogénique*. Turn back the pages—those shiny, polite pages of the snob press, or those furry, blurry pages of the less lush dailies. The Mountbattens are always the high spots.

A photograph of Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten in their coronation robes

Here is their wedding, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in 1922, with the Prince of Wales as best man, and Queen Alexandra smiling on the promise of their youth. Here is Lord Louis, his hair matted with the sweat of captaining his polo team to victory, receiving a cup from the then Duke of York. Here they are at every known night-club. Here is Lady Louis arriving in Mexico City and staying with Dolores del Rio's mother-in-law, with fifty-six trunks to justify her reputation for chic. Her chic, like her beauty, has a curiously indefinable charm. Her pencil-slim silhouette, slick clothes, cropped hair, and knee-length skirts were the height of fashion in the early 'Twenties—and by her own personality, when she stuck to them, still seemed to be the last word in chic, when, in fact, they were no longer anything of the kind. She proved her own style, as apart from mere fashion.

She was an impassioned traveller. China, Russia, Tahiti, America; shuttling between New York and Paris; India, Australia—here she is, stepping from the first Australia-England passenger plane. Here are both of them, sleek as seals, sunning on the rocks at Antibes. And here's a picture of her landing at Croyden from Nairobi, with a lion cub. Here they are at the christening of their second daughter, Pamela Carmen, whose Spanish name was in compliment to two of her godparents, King Alfonso of Spain and the Duchess of Peñaranda.

Here's an unobtrusive paragraph about his appointment as Fleet Wireless Telegraph officer aboard *H.M.S. Elizabeth*. And another: he's Senior Wireless Instructor at the Portsmouth Signal School. But the statement arouses less interest than his authorship of what has become a classic on polo tactics, which he worked out on a billiard-table, and wrote under the pseudonym of Marco. Alas! during the post-war period of disarmament and the general dissipation of our national defences, Lord Louis' career as a naval officer was not taken seriously. *(Continued on page 92)*


Kic
Jimmy Sarno...
Classic Comic

The Bad Man

At eleven, Alfreduzzo had earned nothing but his reputation as the villain of Poggio

BY JIMMY SAVO

THOUGH I am a comedian and my business is to make people laugh, I do not always feel funny. And it's not that I want to play Hamlet. It is when I look at the map of Italy that I am sad, thinking of the poor, mythical people living there in the little town within the walls of my castle.

My castle? I am not trying to be funny now. I, born on Ninety-seventh Street, brought up in my father's shoemaker's shop at One Hundred and Seventeenth Street and Third Avenue and in the Bronx, really have a castle. It is four thousand feet up in the air and in the Apennines and about two hours' drive from Rome. Terni and Orte, not far away, were bombed weeks ago. And probably the Germans have been in the town. Are the little people of Poggio still alive? I love those people.

I will tell you a little about them. Not much, for there is a great deal to tell, but enough for you to see why I love them and worry about them. I will tell you about the villain of Poggio. In 1936, on my first visit to Italy and to the eight-hundred-year-old Castle of Poggio, from the top of the hill the ancient bells of the mediæval church were ringing a fiesta to celebrate the arrival of the new owner and his wife, slowly climbing the steep slope on donkeys. At the top, like an eagle's nest, the tiny town lay with the ancient castle looking down upon it.

We asked who played so industriously. Since the ascent took a good half-hour, we expected to find the bell-ringer exhausted at his bell-rope. It was Giandomenico, the keeper of the church, they said.

"He always plays the bells on Sunday and during the storms, to keep the lightning away. He doesn't mind."

A ragged little crowd awaited us at the gate of the town, all of its inhabitants, nineteen men, women, and children. These nineteen, survivors of eight centuries of wars, disasters, hunger, poverty, and splendour, still remained attached to this walled-in hilltop village, so close to and so untouched by civilization, in a world all their own, like the castle, decayed in poverty and unspoiled. We came very soon to know every one of them.

The second day we were there, Marcellina, five years old, came running to us breathless, crying,

"Alfreduzzo has killed Bella Bella!"

That sounded horrible. Though we had just come to live in this thirteenth-century citadel, we had heard stories of the crimes committed there by our predecessors.

I looked around at the large halls, walls several yards thick, at the little windows opening out over the green and sunny cliffs. This was dolce Umbria, sweet Umbria. We had supposed the mediæval people had settled down now and were peaceful. But someone had been killed.

And we had come from America for a rest!

"Who killed who?" I asked Marcellina.

"Alfreduzzo has killed Bella Bella!"

"Who is Bella Bella?"

"She will go 'piu, piu' no longer, Bella Bella! He killed her. Alfreduzzo killed Bella Bella, the goose! Come down, Signor Savo! Come down, Signora!"

Nina and I looked at each other, puzzled, and then followed the little messenger. The incident seemed grave enough to require the presence of all the inhabitants of Poggio.

FACING the entrance to the castle on the square was a small house and before it, sitting outside the door, a little woman surrounded by the Poggiolani. On the wall near the door was a row of kitchen pots flourishing with carnations. The little woman's nose was as red as the carnations when she raised her eyes full of tears.

"Alfreduzzo has killed Bella Bella, the villain!" She was Alfreduzzo's mother. She cried as if she had lost the boy himself.

Up on the roof, out of reach, crouched a child of eleven with a handsome oval face and curls over his forehead. His chest was bare and thin, and only enough of a pair of short pants remained to make it certain that they were still there. And his feet were bare.

"What a shame, Alfreduzzo!" Nina said. His face quivered, he lost his balance and came sliding down.

"The goose had her head hidden in the ground," he said. "I didn't see her."

"I could have raised her, and we would have eaten her in two months," the little woman cried. And all about the Poggiolani echoed her sorrow. The loss of a goose that could be eaten is no little thing in Poggio.

"He's a troublemaker!" said the Poggiolani. "He should be horsewhipped!" "He should kill himself!"

Nina went to see the doctor in the valley.

The doctor was sympathetic. "Watch the boy," he said. "Ask him to do things for you and see how he behaves."

Back in Poggio, Nina told me what the doctor said.

"What should I ask Alfreduzzo to do?"

"Send him to buy a dozen eggs." We sent for Alfreduzzo.

"Alfreduzzo, do you want to do something for us?" Looking up, his eyes sparkled with delight. "Good. Here is money. Go and buy a dozen eggs at the farm down below."

He held out his hand, took the money, stared at us, and walked away, his eyes on the money in his hand.

Soon all Poggio's inhabitants were pushing into the courtyard. We could hear their excited voices.

"Alfreduzzo to buy a dozen eggs!... Signor Savo, Alfreduzzo will break the eggs!" Every one said the same thing. "He will break the eggs! Do not send him!"

"Where is he?"

He was crying in the square and would not come. So I went to get him, the Poggiolani trailing along behind.

"Signor Savo," he said. "I will break the eggs!... I will break them!" *(Continued on page 80)*

⬅ JIMMY SAVO (OPPOSITE)

The fun of Jimmy Savo, the comedian's comedian, has been based on frailty, confusion, and futility. A little man in baggy pants, he has for years picked countless non-existent feathers off his coat, picked up non-existent cigar butts, juggled non-existent plates, sung with literal, exact gestures, "River Stay 'Way from My Door." Savo has been a vaudevillian since he was twelve, later pantomimed his ridiculous way through revues and musical comedies. Now he is the round-eyed delight of the musical, "What's Up."

Cancer...Facts You Should Know

Straight talk about cancer causes, cancer fears, cancer cures

BY DR. CLARENCE COOK LITTLE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Clarence Cook Little at fifty-five is Managing Director of the American Society for the Control of Cancer and head of the Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial Laboratory at Bar Harbor, Maine, specializing in cancer research. At thirty-four, Dr. Little was elected President of the University of Maine; at thirty-seven, he became President of the University of Michigan. Today, a distinguished educator, biologist, and geneticist, he is a world authority on cancer.*]

IN the background of every woman's life, like a threatening thundercloud above the horizon, hangs the fear of cancer. Some admit it, some attempt to ignore it. Some—and, fortunately, they are being numbered by increasing tens of thousands a year—fight that fear and overcome it by knowledge.

But quackery, misinformation, and superstitions all too often serve as the handmaidens to disaster in the field of cancer. People have thought that cancer was due to social diseases. They have believed that there were "male" and "female" cancers. That there were "cancer houses" where the germs of cancer lurked in dirt and filth. Some people believed that cancer was caused by meat and advocated a purely vegetarian diet to combat it. Others thought it was caused by drinking cow's milk. All these theories have been proved false. Knowledge concerning cancer is not difficult to obtain or too technical to understand; these twenty-three questions and answers present some of the most important facts for laymen.

1. ***Is cancer a hopeless disease?***

No. Over 36,000 cures are on file with the American College of Surgeons. Only "late" cases of cancer become incurable because of neglect or delay.

2. ***Is progress being made in cancer research?***

Yes. Much progress has been made in the three great fields of cancer research: in biology, chemistry, and physics. The biologists have noted an important relationship between hormones and cancer incidence. (Hormones are chemical substances given off normally and naturally into the blood-stream by such endocrine glands as the ovaries, the pituitary, the thyroid, the thymus, and the male sex glands. Hormones influence the rate and extent of the growth of the tissues in many parts of the body.) The relationship of hormones from the ovary and pituitary to the incidence of cancer of the breast and uterus is now under investigation. Female sex hormones have been used with beneficial results in treating cancer of the prostate in men, and improvement up to a point where a cure is probable has been noted. In the relief of pain from cancer of the prostate, these female sex hormones have proven startlingly successful.

Chemists are working out methods for detecting differences between actual and potential cancer patients on one hand and cancer-free individuals on the other. They utilize the waste products of the body, believing that this will contain different types or amounts of substances which may prove through analysis what is going on inside the body.

Physicists are interested not only in the organization and function of the living cell, both normal and cancerous, but are continually providing new facts concerning radioactive agents, radium and X-ray. Cancer research has advanced more in the past thirty years than in the preceding three hundred years.

3. ***Can the cancer germ be grown outside the body?***

There is no germ of cancer. But actual cancer cells can be grown outside the body in laboratories under the same conditions as those that allow the growth of normal cells.

4. ***If there is no germ of cancer, how does it spread from person to person?***

It does not spread from person to person. Cancer is not contagious and not infectious.

5. ***What causes it then?***

There are two main factors: a constitutional tendency toward excessive tissue growth; the presence of some sort of continuing irritation of the tissue in which cancer appears.

6. ***What is the "tendency" toward excessive tissue growth?***

There is no single tendency. Every organ has its own potential strength or weakness. They don't all grow old and go to pieces at once like the ONE-HORSE SHAY. For instance, in women, the reproductive system reaches "old age" long before most other tissues of the body. Because tissues grow old at different rates, they present different risks as far as cancer is concerned. For example, a tendency to have cancer of the stomach may depend upon an individual having a digestive system susceptible to irritation or aging.

7. ***What is the irritation that causes cancer?***

There is no specific irritant. What acts as an irritant to one person or one organ or tissue may not have that effect upon another. However, it is known that one of the most important factors in causing skin cancer appears to be the ultraviolet rays in ordinary sunlight. This has been proven not only on laboratory animals by direct ultraviolet ray irradiations, but also by the very high incidence of cancer among farmers or sailors who have had considerable exposure to the elements, sunlight, and extremes of temperature. It is also proven that skin cancer occurs most frequently in areas of the body exposed to such irritation. Pigment in the skin of the individual to a large degree affects his susceptibility to skin cancer. Negroes rarely get skin cancer, and there is evidence that brunettes run less danger from excessive exposure to the sunlight than do blondes. Although it is impossible to state that sunlight is always harmful, it is a good idea not to overdo exposure to it.

Other irritants that may be followed by cancer occur in some occupational pursuits. A well-known example is the high incidence of cancer of the bladder among people who use certain aniline dyes, or a form of skin cancer found among the chimney-sweeps of London two hundred years ago.

8. ***Is cancer a disease of middle age?***

No, not exclusively. Some children are born with certain types of cancer. Adolescents may also form cancer. In general, however, the incidence of cancer increases with age.

9. ***Is cancer more serious in young people?***

It often is because it frequently affects organs and tissues which are difficult to reach. One of the commonest types in adolescents is located in the long bones of the arms and

legs, a site difficult to observe until the cancer has increased to a degree which makes it hard to cure. No generalization concerning its seriousness in relation to age can be made, however, because all late cancer is fatal if neglected, while all types of cancer, if diagnosed and treated early, have a reasonable chance of being cured.

10. ***In the case of an early cancer, what are the chances of cure?***

About 80% to 85% for early cancer of the uterus; 90% to 100% for early skin cancer, or cancer of the lip. If prompt and adequate treatment is carried out, about 70% to 80% of all early cancer is curable.

11. ***What is adequate treatment?***

Your doctor will decide, but it will probably involve the use of radium, X-rays, or surgery, alone or in combination. Without in any way trying to advise any individual treatment, it may be stated that radium, for instance, applied directly to cancer of the uterus has proven highly beneficial even without surgery and accounts for the great majority of the cures of early cancer of that site. Deep X-ray therapy has been successfully used by some in early cases of cancer of the bone. On the other hand, surgery still remains the choice by the vast majority of doctors for cancer of the breast. Often X-ray is used in connection with surgery either before or after operation in order to kill any stray cancer cells which the surgeon would be unable to see with the naked eye.

12. ***Are salves, massage, or internal medicines of value?***

Definitely not. They may be extremely harmful.

13. ***What are the symptoms or signs of early cancer?***

A lump no matter how small or painless; any irregular bleeding from any of the body openings; a persistent cough or hoarseness not caused by cold; any digestive distress appearing in a person thirty-five or over; any sore, no matter how small, that does not heal within ten days; warts or skin blemishes that change their form or rate of growth. These are the danger signs that *may* mean cancer.

14. ***Are any of these especially important?***

Yes, all are. But a lump or other change in the breast and irregular uterine bleeding at or about "change of life" are especially subtle and menacing. Irregular bleeding is not necessarily a normal and necessary part of menopause. It is up to your doctor to decide what causes it.

15. ***What are some of the irritants to avoid?***

For women, there are three of special importance. First, the prompt correction of all injuries received at childbirth; second, the elimination of all tight-fitting, chafing brassières; third, avoiding the use of metal or other hard pessaries, or of strong, irritating chemical douches. Both sexes should be careful of mouth hygiene—scrupulously clean teeth and gums; prompt attention to jagged or irregular teeth and ill-fitting dentures; avoid too hot foods or those foods that cause digestive distress; establish and maintain regular bowel habits.

16. ***Is cancer inherited?***

No, cancer as such is not inherited, although a *tendency* to produce it may run in certain families. It is far from a direct, simple, or infallible process. A person whose parents had cancer is not necessarily certain to develop it. There may be inherited from remote ancestors factors which counteract the cancer *tendency* inherited from the parents. Or, a person might have a mother who died of cancer of the stomach and a father who died of cancer of the lip. To this individual, the father might transmit a tendency which resulted in counteracting any tendency toward cancer of the stomach provided by the mother; while the mother, in turn, might transmit factors which counteracted the tendency toward cancer of the lip coming from the father.

17. ***How do cancer cases in the United States compare with infantile paralysis?***

There are about 600,000 to 800,000 cases of cancer each year. There are estimated to be 16,000 cases of infantile paralysis. The public contributes 50c per cancer case against $340 per case of infantile paralysis.

18. ***What can I do to help in this situation?***

Write to the American Society for the Control of Cancer, Inc., 350 Madison Avenue, New York City, and state what you would like to do. This charitable, non-profit organization, for the past thirty years, has been cooperating with the medical profession in stimulating medical interest, knowledge, and activity; by educating lay persons; by encouraging support of approved hospitals and research institutions; by aiding the indigent cancer patient to get prompt and adequate diagnosis and treatment. It also maintains the Women's Field Army against cancer, a growing body of over 300,000 volunteers throughout the U. S.

19. ***What is a cancer prevention clinic?***

A clinic that is attached to a recognized hospital. There, healthy women are examined at regular intervals at a reasonable cost, and attempts are made to detect and treat precancerous conditions. There are only *four* such *prevention* clinics in the U. S.—two in New York, one in Chicago, one in Philadelphia. There should be hundreds throughout the United States.

20. ***What are approved cancer clinics?***

Clinics periodically inspected and approved by the American College of Surgeons. The College has a set of standards prepared after careful study. These require group judgment based on cooperation of surgeons, radiologists, pathologists, internists, and other trained specialists; together they provide expert analysis of each case. There are *four hundred* such *cancer care* clinics in the United States.

21. ***Can not our fight against cancer "mark time" for the duration?***

No. Cancer research must be continuous and progressive. A lapse would mean a serious setback that would take many years' work to rebuild.

22. ***Is cancer on the increase?***

It is hard to say. The population of the United States is increasing in its relative proportion among the higher-age groups, a factor naturally making for more cancer. Better diagnosis and less reticence in reporting cancer—there was a time when obituaries never mentioned it, instead, they spoke of "died after a long illness"—all these factors seem to indicate that there is little actual increase in cancer.

23. ***Can cancer be conquered?***

Yes. 90,000 people could be saved annually if present knowledge was in the possession of all our people. In the meantime, everyone should do his or her part to further the educational campaign, for cancer is unique in that only the prospective patient can recognize and report the danger signals, and only the lay public can engender and maintain the commonsense attitude which will bring cancer to the doctor while it still can be cured.

Autobiographical, but Not Me

The people lived and plenty happened to them...but not precisely as it did in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"

BY BETTY SMITH

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *A prolific writer of one-act plays—the delight of Little Theatre groups—Betty Smith is the author of a best-selling first novel, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." The mother of two grown daughters, she is now busily engaged in defense of her characters...answering her fan mail, and reiterating always, "Yes, it's autobiographical, but it's not me."*]

THERE was a time—and not so many months ago, either—when I used to walk the quarter-mile from my home to the Chapel Hill, North Carolina, post office just before midnight, and stand around watching the man put up the last mail of the day in the boxes. Usually this midnight junket was fruitless, except around the first of the months when the bills came in. But since the publication of *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,* I no longer walk through the dark streets at midnight towards the post office. The thrill is gone. There is no more conjecture. I *know* that the box will be crammed full with mail.

Every second person I meet asks me, "What are you writing now?" I give answer, "I'm writing answers to my fan mail."

At first, I had no definite attitude in reference to answering questions which came by mail or were asked personally. But as time went on, I noticed that an attitude had grown on me. I could tag this attitude gracious contrariness. When someone states that the book must have been an agonizing job to write, I reply that I wrote it with one hand tied behind my back. When they ask me had it been easy to write, I swear that it was written with tears and blood and anguish.

Both statements are true. When I felt like writing, the writing came easy. When I didn't feel like writing, it came hard. But there is one question that I always answer the same way. The procedure is a little like this:

"Miss Smith, is *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* the story of your life? Answer yes or no."

"No!" I shout (or write with deep digs of my pen). "If it were the story of my life, I should have written it in the first person."

"IF it's not autobiographical, then nothing in the book is true?"

"Every single thing in that book is true," states Betty Smith.

"But," persists the inquisitor, "if it is not the story of your life, how can you claim that your book is authentic?"

Then, cornered, bloody but unbowed, I shout my credo:

"The book is autobiographical, but it is not the story of my life!"

It is true that the novel is biographical in that every single character is known to me in some phase or other...every event in the book happened to someone I knew, knew of, or heard about. Everything in my novel happened in real life. *But it did not necessarily happen to Betty Smith.*

For instance, regarding the character of "Sissy" (and will the gentleman named Adam who requested "Sissy's" present phone number please take note?): "Sissy" is not *a* real person. She is more than *ten* real persons. When I was a child of eight, a woman used to come to our house once a week to do up the laundry. She had been married four times, and, by a coincidence which could only happen in Brooklyn, each of her husbands had been named "Jim!" (And not John, either!) When I was fourteen, a woman with a tragic face moved into our neighbourhood. Although she was under thirty, she had given birth to six stillborn children. This tragedy of frustrated motherhood has haunted me all my life. When I was twenty, my mother had a friend, a gentle, white-haired, childless woman of fifty-five. One day she appeared with a three-weeks' old baby and announced that it was her child—that she had given birth to it. We pretended to believe her story, although we knew she was well past the age of childbearing. How did she get that child? Of course, she had adopted it. But I let my imagination play on that and figured out a way in which she could have gained a baby without either adopting it or giving birth to it.

ONCE I knew a playwright who was unhappily married to a philanderer who had no love for her, but who refused to permit a divorce. Eventually, the woman met the right man and wished to marry him. Her dog-in-the-manger husband refused even more firmly to help her obtain a divorce. Whereupon the woman set up housekeeping with the man she loved, and wrote out a simple announcement which she sent to sympathetic friends. She stated that, since she had no recourse to a legal dissolution of her marriage, she was dissolving the marriage in her heart. She announced that now she was the wife of the man she loved. She signed the note with this man's name and prefixed it by "Mrs." Her husband was so impressed by her attitude that he eventually consented to a divorce, and thereby legalized the marriage she had made in her heart.

From time to time I read of child marriages—of girl wives from eleven to fifteen giving birth to babies. A few years ago when I was playing in summer stock, a guest star used to while away the long wait between cues by telling us shocking and fascinating tales of her life of emotional promiscuity. In the last decade, six childless women that I knew, verging on middle age, adopted babies. Soon after the adoption, three of them conceived, after almost two decades of infertility, and had babies of their own.

So "Sissy Rommelly" is a composite of all these women, known and unknown to me—and of at least half-a-dozen more. "Sissy" herself never lived, but all the component parts of her are real women. So it is with most of the other characters in the book. The characters of thousands of actual people have been cut up, and certain striking pieces that met my needs were isolated and pasted together to make one or two of the characters in the book. The dull, uninteresting parts that were left over after the cutting and pasting were junked.

And yet, the characters are autobiographical to this extent: when people want to know who "Mary Rommelly" was, I say in all sincerity that she is the kind of woman I should have liked to have been if I had been an illiterate, but deeply religious Austrian emigrant mother. "Katie Nolan" is the sort of person I'd hope to be if I were poor and uneducated, but had to see a couple of smart children through high school and college.

I have a letter from a man in Chicago. He says that, although he never met me and had never been to Brooklyn in all his life, he is the "McGarrity" of my novel. He wanted me to know that things turned out all right, after all, between his wife and himself; that he learned to love his children in time, and eventually they grew up to be a credit to him.

As a matter of fact, "McGarrity" is any bartender in a

night-club, corner tavern, or juke joint who, with a white-coated arm resting on the bar, listens gravely while customers who have been mellowed tell poignant anecdotes illustrating their attitude toward life and their philosophy about people. "McGarrity" is a dozen swell men I've known (and they weren't bartenders, either)—men, married and unmarried, with whom I sat drinking coffee in booths of Greek restaurants...with whom I sat in bus stations between hour-long waits...who dropped over to the house...men without any ulterior motive in mind, who just wanted to sit around and be listened to while they talked—hoping always for a little understanding.

"Johnny" is the handsome, no-account, doomed fellow—the type that so many women love because he needs such tender mothering. "Lee Rhynor" is any soldier on a three-day pass who falls in love with a new girl and then goes home and marries the one he's been engaged to. "Ben Blake" is a figment of wishful thinking—the jaunty, handsome, sure-to-be-successful man, loved by all women, but loving only one, who can take over a woman's problems and smooth them out.

When it came to "Francie"...well! She's the kind of little girl that I fondly imagine I must have been. But on checking up with my mother, she assures me that I gave myself the benefit of a great big doubt; that, as far as she recalls, I was a disobedient girl who had to be nagged into doing her homework, who was always late to school, was once threatened with demotion, and who tried to get out of doing the supper dishes to the extent of working up a convenient temperature when necessary.

Yet so many readers persist in identifying themselves, their relatives, or friends with some character in the book, and they seem pleased about it. Sometimes they gently chide me for leaving out this or that detail about them. Many readers, critics, and feature writers confuse Betty Smith with "Francie Nolan." Five per cent. of my mail is addressed to "Miss Francie Nolan." A gentleman wrote that he required a rather skilful surgical operation and would I please tell him where "Dr. Cornelius John Nolan" was now practising. Many letters end, "Give my best regards to Katie, Neeley, Annie Laurie, and Sissy." Dozens of people have written, "Whatever became of Francie after the book ended? Did she by any chance," they inquire artfully, "grow up to write *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn?*"

A lady from Pennsylvania writes to tell me that she is the one who married "Lee." Another says she is still keeping company with "Ben."

I was autographing books in a large New York department store. A girl asked me to write my "real" name in the book. I thought she wanted my marriage tacked on.

"Do you mean Betty Smith Jones?" I asked.

"I mean Francie Nolan."

"But that's not my name."

"You can't fool me," she said. Then she offered a bribe. "If you'll sign Francie Nolan, I'll buy two copies." I saw a chance for a slick business deal.

"Lady," I said, "if you'll buy three copies, I'll sign the book Eugene O'Neill."

Today came a communication from a nice lady who complimented me on choosing such an effective penname. "Betty is the commonest first name in America," she said in effect, "and Smith, the commonest surname in the world. But I read your book. You need not be ashamed of your writing and hide behind a penname. Please use your real name, Frances Nolan, on your next novel."

Another correspondent said that *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,* except for minor interesting details which I left out, was the story of her life. However, she was going to write her own story of her life. With consummate flattery, she assured me that she would be very faithful in following the form of my novel, and she was sure I'd have no objection if she titled it *Green Grass Grows in Gloversville.*

The Best for Baby

That's the credo of America's sunshine patriots, busy refugees from reality

BY PHILIP WYLIE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Philip Wylie wrote the highly controversial article, "He Will Be Different—Will You?" in the November 1 issue of Vogue. The author of the violently scolding book,* A Generation of Vipers, *Mr. Wylie at forty-one is a jubilant iconoclast with no patience for American smugness. By birth a New Englander, he now lives in Miami Beach, Florida.*]

WE are agreed, I trust, that the present spectacle of the rich foreigner who has run from the sound of conquest with bond-and-ruby-stuffed pockets, is tedious, not to say sick-making. They did not tarry to strike a blow for freedom, and, although they are property-lovers in the strictly lamé brackets, they fired not a shot for ancestral château or castle. They grabbed the portable stuff and beat it. Wherever they settled, café society looked up, champagne prices rose, and headwaiters refurbished their snobbery.

The tragedy which arises from the behaviour of Europe's elegant escapists is not the mere sight of them in America, but the fact that their high station has given an unduly bad name to those who, by political necessity, had to leave their own country, and to the more numerous and noble nobles who stayed behind to harry Hitler until *he* should be the One to Run. For every twice-removed duke who fled, there are dozens of duchesses pitching water on fires started by the *Luftwaffe* and fifty countesses in conquered countries sharpening the castle cutlery against the day of final reckoning with the superman.

But there are certain Americans, not all of them wealthy by any means, who are trying to simulate, *within* the boundaries of the U.S.A., the behaviour of fleeing foreigners. These *American* refugees, having no place to go, must necessarily rush about in circles. They are, nonetheless, trying to escape the hard realities of their own nation. I would like our native escapists to see themselves as others see them: shameful sissies whose blood is not even water, but helium.

REFUGEE-ISM began in these United States quite a while ago—but within the memory of living man, at that. You will recall, perhaps, the years of 1931 and 1932. In the depths of the Depression, there were numerous indigenous persons prepared for a bail-out of one sort or another. These Sunshine Patriots murkily suspected that *(Continued on next page)*

Revolution was nearing. One would think that when these Queasy Compatriots discovered that their nation had survived the Depression intact, they would have ashamedly abandoned the technique of flight. Maybe some did. But some didn't. Some of them were set for the next great Scurry, cooked up at the time of the most recent presidential election.

With the war, however, escapism has reached fresh heights, and I daresay the number of our internal refugees tots up to several millions. Ration boards are besieged by these peripatetic persons who want gasoline to get from where they are to some other place, but who lack legitimate business reasons to be in that other place. Putative motorists, glib with excuses and loaded with certificates of bad health, are trying to scram to California, Florida, Maine, or Oregon—any spot where they hope there will be better Black Markets, more lenient ration boards, fewer soldiers on the street, fewer planes in the sky, and an over-all pacific aspect. They just don't like their country at war, and they darned well insist on their right to go hunting about that country for some little de luxe cranny that *isn't* at war.

The railroads, slug-nutty and Homeric in the face of an appalling burden of essential traffic, have to deal with these waffle-witted wayfarers—these pleasure-seekers in a land dedicated to a vast, but necessary Unpleasantness. They crowd the Pullmans, cram the day coaches, spill into the aisles, entangle the moving military men, and make of themselves an endless abomination to every human being whose travel is related to the true effort of war.

Many of them offer the excuse that high wages and vacations have at last given them a chance to take a trip. But the slap-happy profiteers among the so-called "little people" haven't the sense to put their surplus in War Bonds now and use it later for a long-dreamed-of trip to Niagara Falls, New York, Miami, and other scattered points.

Manhattan, at the moment, is a playground for Service men—but it is overcrowded with civilian refugees. Miami, another play area, is worth saving up for, in peacetime; right now it is a training region and an air centre for a dozen Service branches. Potential sun-worshippers should hold their fire until the fighting men are through with it—so that Captains and Corporals won't have to parade its streets by night looking for a shack, a hovel—any shelter—for themselves, their wives, and their children. Niagara Falls is still running, also, but nearby are several gigantic airplane plants. Southern California, too, is importantly in the airplane business. If you are planning a junket to such places, you might bear in mind, as you buy your ticket, those other hysterics who ran from the cities of France, clogged the roads, and so helped their Army to lose to the *Wehrmacht*.

There are also ladies and gentlemen who run away right at home. They include the old rich and the new rich. They also include the middle classes and the poor. For no man or woman is too little to shirk. And our proud and able nation, if my observation is any good, holds many civilian gold-bricks. It is easy to join this malingering multitude.

Every time you deliberately break a war regulation, you refuse by that much to fight. Every time you adjust your conduct downward in scale from some other slacker who is getting away with murder, you, as a civilian, break and run. You quit the field. You cease firing. You retreat. You welsh on relatives who are facing enemy fire. You welsh on the country. Worst of all, you welsh on yourself. You make it quite plain to yourself (whether you admit it or not) that you are not a man, not a woman—but a coward. A coward in the littlest sort of way—a coward so trifling that you aren't able to get along without a beefsteak for a while, extra butter, a ride to a horse-race, a suit you don't need, a dress—luxuries, in short.

There is a clear picture in my mind's eye of the woe, regret, recrimination, and general self-despising that are going to be the portion of millions after this war. They will be the ones who couldn't wait and bought it now, even though it was poorer than the pre-war item—even though it was short-term shoddy. They'll be the people who bought the carpets and divans and overcoats and tables and chairs and draperies and fire tools and pictures and hammocks and golf-clubs and dishes and everything else—just because they had the price. Their excuse is, often enough, that there may be inflation later. That, of course, is refugee-ism again—running away from America's future—scared of it. They won't have any stored cash. And the millions who settled for a mess of pottage now will be left in the cold with it. They consider themselves to be smarty-pants at the moment; they're only antsy-pants.

There is the business of being a literal refugee—the business of travelling in an attempt to get away from it all. There is the business of being a static refugee by trying to get away from the *responsibility* through cheating, using under-the-counter markets, stocking up, coddling yourself at home. And there is a third kind of American refugee-ism that is, in some ways, the most deadly of all. That is mental refugee-ism.

As one who has been in the Government Information services, I am especially bitter about these mental refugees. Americans hear enough about the war without having it thrust at them on the radio and in magazines, movies, and newspapers? The record shows they don't. They haven't heard enough to make them determined. They fight best—like everyone else—when their hearts are in it. The hearts of too many are not. Nothing—yet—has touched their emotions. Nothing, all too often, has instructed their minds. They are still going around saying, not even "I can dream, can't I?", but, "I *insist* on dreaming!" The military attack upon America has been made at great distances. We have no bombed cities to remind the common man and the rich man, everyday, of the grim necessities of this war.

Our Government, our democratic form of society, is founded upon a single idea: that an informed public will, in its majority, make the best judgments for itself. But because too many people have determined to use the means of speech for *escape*, we are no longer a people with a truly informed majority. We are ignoramuses. We are dreamers; our idea of the world is strictly in the air-castle department. Soon, we are going to try to settle the problem of peace, in this dreamy condition! We are going to decide happily about other people ten times as numerous as ourselves who have been more horrified, more filled with hate, more savagely punished, than anybody in the history of mankind!

It would have been possible for the American majority to make sensible judgments about the future of the world *if* it had been possible to tell Americans the hideous facts, the horrible realities, the fearful inevitabilities, which will underlie the peace to come.

And some are going to run—in their minds and hearts—from all such things. They did run, and they are running today. Refugees from reality. Men with marzipan minds. People who insist on not knowing, not hearing, not seeing. How about you? Maybe you haven't gone Over the Hill in your car. Have you done it in your head? It amounts to the same thing in the end, because it cripples you as a citizen of the future. Do you think you've heard enough about the war, and, consequently, deserve romance on the radio, infantilism in the movies, mush in your magazine, and a month's vacation? Did it ever occur to you that, whenever the heavens fall, there's no hiding-place left? Or are you just going to run, anyhow, a red-white-and-blue (and yellow) compatriot?

What's Your Hurry, Anyhow?

Speed matched against the eighteenth century ....the result, speed loses

BY OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Oliver St. John Gogarty is a physician, a poet, a classical scholar, the author of some high-test memoirs, the friend of Irish letters, of Synge, AE, Yeats, and Moore.*]

THERE is a city of my heart from which we may learn that, although our modern life is bound up with speed and movement, speed and movement can not replace Thought and are not necessarily synonymous with Progress and Civilization.

I know a town where there is neither coal nor oil. That town is Dublin, the capital of that part of Ireland which is neutral and which, owing to its neutrality, has neither friends nor enemies, nor fuel. Strange, the first thing that strikes me about Dublin is most pleasant and surprising; my ears and eyes seem improved beyond belief. I can hardly believe my eyes, and my ears are supersensitive. I was about to attribute my improved vision to some virtue, or, failing that, to some vitamin in myself, until I found that my keener sight was due to the crystal air. Where there is no coal, the atmosphere can not be polluted. My acuter hearing was due to the fact that my ears were convalescing from the barbaric and debasing noises of the Century of Speed.

The loudest sound I heard was that of the trotting of cab horses, if I except the shrill screams of a newsboy, a shrillness that was merely a matter of pitch. How could I distinguish pitch in the twentieth century wherein they batter your ears with megaphones, or those misnamed instruments which are called microphones, though they magnify into outrage every sound?

The candles on the dinner-table tonight need not be waxen. Paraffin candles will burn just as mellowly and accustom the eye to their soothing light. Every woman is improved by candlelight; and, if it were not for their crimson nails, I could imagine by candlelight that I saw alive and graceful the hands that Gainsborough and Romney painted. Of one thing I am certain: tonight I shall listen entranced, not to the deadly audibility of the twentieth century, but to voices as sweet and low as the *gentil babil* which so nearly undid Parsifal.

I HAVE been invited to stay with a friend who lives one hundred miles away. There was a time when I could run down to lunch with him and be back comfortably in half a day. Now I shall have to take the morning mail coach and consider myself lucky, since the weather is fine, if I can get an outside seat. These coaches are high enough to enable the traveller to look over walls and hedges and see what goes on on the lawns of the country mansions. I will stop a night at some village hotel, one of those that have been by-passed since the coming of the automobile, a hostelry at which none of those who were "going places" has thought of visiting.

There is something very tranquillizing in the hoof-beat of horses. I am sitting beside the driver on the box seat. He is purring to his steeds, which he calls by name very softly; and the admiration in the eyes of the greatest horse copers in the world as we pass is a thing to set one at peace with oneself. How much better it is than the scowl of malice that meets the automobile driver, shot at him by men who walk the roads. I notice with admiration his driver's coat with its three capes to keep off rain and snow. They can not sell shoddy to a coachman. It is his uniform; and the mills where it was spun spin stuff to wear long and not out.

Is this the best hotel? It has the largest yard, and we are stopping at it tonight. I wait until everyone has dismounted. Then we walk the horses and coach through the great gate. The ostlers are with us, and they murmur to the horses, calling each by name as they lead them off by the nose. Next morning I awake to a reek of turf smoke which comes from the kitchen. When I go downstairs I see some of the passengers already drinking at the bar. A journey by coach still retains its adventure for eighteenth-century travellers.

Now don't take me for a mystic, because I am one; and, if you judge my problem by that only, you may let whatever prejudice you may have against mystics blind you to a factual problem, which is this. Have you ever noticed that time in some places is different from time in other places? Let me put my cards on the table. I assure you that time in New York is only half as long as time in parts of Europe.

THIS may be explained by the greater "extraversions," to use the new lingo, the greater outward distractions of a great city. But that is not what I mean. I mean that time actually is shorter, and life in time is shorter in New York than in an eighteenth-century country. There is something profound in this to be solved by a philosopher. Meanwhile, without reiterating, I adhere to my thesis: Time is only half as long in New York as elsewhere, and the moon lasts only a fortnight. The fact that New York is on about the forty-second degree of latitude, and Dublin on about the fifty-second, may have something to do with it, but it is happening meanwhile. It is a subjective thing.

Soon we were on our way and before long had arrived at my host's house. It was one of those to be found all through the eighteenth-century countries: stone built, ancestral, ornamented, self-contained. Though he had an electric-light installation, the want of fuel sent him back to candles and fires in the evening, instead of central heating. There is a lot to be said for candlelight and firelight: some of the greatest achievements of history have been accomplished in their glow.

What struck me most was his manner. He received me with a grave and affectionate courtesy so far different to the shouting welcomes of our time. I seemed to be meeting the Vicar of Wakefield. He let his man show me to my room. "We will meet in the library for a little sherry."

If you do not permit facetiousness to interpose itself, that week seemed as good as a month to me, so firmly rooted had my life become. In myself, too, a deep change was apparent. In the library I took down *The Spectator,* and I found myself wondering if the highest expression of which the English language is capable, had not been reached by Steele and Addison. After dinner I found that I could understand and be diverted by a joke from *Punch.* And, contrariwise, I tried to guess what Dr. Johnson would have made of *The New Yorker* with which it takes a foot on the accelerator to keep up. *Punch* and *The New Yorker* are exemplars of their respective centuries.

When the eighteenth century, with all its purposefulness, catches up with us, give it a welcome. It has character to offer us which is enduring; and the stability of the home and the inspiration of localities; and wisdom to transmit, that teaches that Thought can not be replaced by movement and speed, and that speed and movement are not necessarily synonymous with progress and civilization.

Gossip: with an Eye on the Past

Notes on three actresses and the ducal life between two wars

BY ANTOINE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Antoine has just written his autobiography,* As Long As There Are Women, *in collaboration with Marie Ginsberg. From these fantastic memoirs, filled with the odd facts, the gossip, the revealing details of one part of high life, come these sidelights on his own life. He cut the hair of Queens and Duchesses and movie actresses. He was a part of the behind-the-scenes activities of the great Parisian balls, lacquering the heads of the guests and then, a guest himself, appearing in magnificent costume, one of the minor sights of Paris.*

Antoine was born Antek Cierplikowski on Christmas Eve, 1884, in the Polish village of Sieradź. A great self-publicist, he wrote in his book: "I confess that I was eccentric. Sometimes I put black lacquer on my finger-nails and mirrors into my square-shaped heels. And I sometimes wore a white satin frock coat." The most widely known of those publicity stunts showed him as he slept in a glass coffin in a glass house in Paris.]

SARAH BERNHARDT: HER BOUDOIR COURT

SARAH BERNHARDT never came to our studio. Instead I always went to her small two-story house in the modern, fashionable boulevard Pereira, which runs north off l'avenue de la Grande Armée. The house was so stuffed with *objets d'art,* souvenirs, and gifts that it looked like a curio shop or an antiquarian's museum, not a place to live. The hair-dressing was done in her boudoir, where she was always surrounded by an entourage as if, like Marie Antoinette, she were holding court. With this difference, Marie Antoinette was not endlessly interrupted by the telephone.

You can picture, if you will, Sarah Bernhardt, with a curl half-formed, in a brown study over a new rôle, practising gestures in front of the mirror, gestures that got in the way of the comb; stopping to greet a friend who brought flowers; arguing with Sardou, who wrote so many plays for her and who was such a friend; waving to a small tradesman to help himself from the drawer of *petite monnaie,* which always stood open.

Often in the midst of all this confusion and noise, she would fall into day-dreams about the rôle she was playing and rôles she would like to play, and then rouse herself suddenly and tell us what she had dreamed. It took a long time to do Sarah Bernhardt's hair. Yet she was always in a hurry. "As quickly as you can," she would greet me. Like all great artists she never fussed or bothered with small things. "The best—and quickly," she would say. The tones of her voice dominated all else, no matter what was going on, how she was dressed, or who was there. Nobody who heard it has ever forgotten its vibrant, stirring tones. It was the voice of a lover. Bernhardt made love to everybody with her voice.

Off the stage, Bernhardt cared nothing for her appearance or the impression she made. When she went out for some everyday occasion, she was apt to look like a scullery maid, throwing a coat hastily over a casual dressing-gown, her hair a careless chestnut mass, or, later, peppered grey. Bernhardt should have been decorated with the Legion of Honour. Everybody expected it. When it did not arrive, the story that went around was that somebody made a bet with her that she would not dare cross the street in the nude. She won the bet and lost the ribbon.

ELEANORA DUSE: DREAM VERSUS REALITY

ELEANORA DUSE never asked me to come to her. Although her life was intensely busy, it was typical of the simplicity of that life, that she always came to the studio to have her dark chestnut hair dressed. She preferred a coiffure that was disorderly in an artistic way, but asked me always to arrange as a foundation a coiffure that she could keep herself. It was restful to work on her, since she herself was relaxed, her small, intelligent hands lying quietly on the pale blue smock with which we covered her. She was, like Bernhardt, very agreeable, but, unlike the great Sarah, she spoke little. She observed much and contemplated what went on before her.

CÉCILE SOREL: LEGEND

THE toughest and most tempting job Cécile Sorel ever gave me was when she staged a one-woman show of French history at the Casino de Paris. In this she impersonated the queens and mistresses of French kings. For these performances I had to design coiffures and hats and help harmonize her costumes.

I do not know how old Sorel was at that time, but the jokes about her age were many. The mummy of Egyptian Pharoah Tutankhamen, after a rest of several thousand years, was released from his tomb in 1923, and a whisper went around Paris. "Did you hear? The first thing that Tutankhamen asked was, 'How is my dear Sorel?' " She took all such jokes with good grace, and without trying to correct or apologize. She merely laughed and said she was sure she had not greeted Napoleon on his return from Moscow.

Sorel was an extraordinary creature. Nearly everything about her was for show outside and paste underneath. In her house the impressive architectural columns looked fine, but they were made of imitation marble. Three things were genuine. One was the title of her husband. She was married to the Comte de Ségur. The second was the bed of Madame du Barry in which she slept. And the third was her bathtub, which was made of real gold and cost fifty thousand francs.

She gave elaborate, large dinner-parties. When her guests—carefully chosen because they were in the limelight—had departed and the servants started to clear the table, Madame Sorel, the Comtesse de Ségur, would stop them. Everything must be left. She had sent out invitations to the poor members of her family, and next day they would pour in from all corners of Paris and eat up the remains of the feast.

THE CORONATION: DUCAL HAIR

For the Coronation of George VI., I went to London with a staff of sixty-five people. We were men and women, hair-dressers, shampooers, manicurists, pedicurists, and masseuses. It was a small army that took up two complete cars of the train. All the day preceding the Coronation until midnight, we spent on the foundation *(Continued on page 84)*

Returned on the "Gripsholm"

Back from North China, internees tell of food and life under Japanese occupation

BY ANN NASH

SOME thirty of us sat around a table in a Broadway Chinese restaurant one night in December. Half of us had come back from China eight, seven, six years ago; the rest had come the day before, on the *Gripsholm,* from an internment camp in Japanese-occupied China. We were happy. That sounds like a pale word, but anyone who has had his people come back from danger, from prison camps, will understand how more exuberant adjectives were shallower than our feeling—a travesty of it—and so we must use the simplest. I was caught up and tied into the happiness because it seemed, in miniature, the way it will be all over the world when the war is finished. They told us what it had been like, warning us, however, as one man said, that "This is news from the horse's mouth, all right, but it's just one horse, not the whole stable."

"The average Japanese that we saw in occupied China," they agreed, "is a pretty good guy. There's even a good deal of casual friendliness between some of the Chinese and Japanese on the street. You must remember, however, that many Japanese are in positions of almost unchecked power. If a man is a sadist, he can do pretty much what he likes."

"About six months ago, though," said another man, "the Japanese became extremely polite, talked co-prosperity by the hour, gave back some of the things they'd confiscated, sent some of the troops out—even made public apologies. The rumour was that they hoped to recruit some Chinese puppet troops—they'd been drafting for road building and railroad repair right along—but, if so, it didn't work. Now they're back on the old system."

"The Japanese don't have the Chinese too cowed," one woman said. "I saw a ricksha coolie bring a Japanese to a bank. Some Japanese commandeer rides and refuse to pay—or don't pay much—and apparently this Japanese was that kind, because the coolie got mad, kept talking about the cost of food, and his eight children. You know how they do." (I did. I can remember very well several forceful, but inevitably losing, arguments I've had with ricksha coolies.) "Finally, the coolie hit the Japanese across the shoulders—shot him right through the doors of the bank—with two Chinese policemen looking on. I was so pleased I went and gave him a dollar."

"MILLET," someone else said, "which is the chief grain in peacetime, has gone up about four hundred times, and you can't even get it at that price. The Japanese issued a substitute, 'Sixty Mixed Grains'—actually, it was the sweepings off the threshing floors—and people got terribly sick from it. Then they issued 'Twenty-five Mixed Grains,' which was better, but, mixed with water, looked like mud pies. It was rationed, but you couldn't always get your share, and people over sixty weren't given cards. Of course, the Chinese spread their too-small rations a little further to include the old people."

"Now, about us," one woman said. "When war was first declared, our internment was, as you know, somewhat more theoretical than actual. We lived in some of the faculty houses at the University, while Japanese officers lived in the others. The Japanese Government granted us some money for food and fuel, and we got more money from home through the Red Cross. We could get permission to go into Peiping pretty much as we wished. We tried to do research—we still had our books, of course—and we kept up the various University clubs we'd had, and we went skating and walking.

"Last March, however, it was found necessary to gather all Americans into Internment Camps. Each of us was allowed to take his own bed, two steamer trunks, and a suitcase. About a thousand people were in our Camp—a former Presbyterian Mission compound. Fuel and food were given us each day, and we lined up for Roll-Call from the Japs every morning at eight, to see that none of us had escaped in the night; but the rest of the time they just shut the gates in the high wall, put sentries outside, and left us alone.

"The first thing we did, after the Japanese had assigned us to our various rooms, was to decide what each person should do. Some were cooks, some dishwashers, some morale officers, and so on. We had committees, of course—what American group doesn't—and people in charge of this and that. It really worked out very well most of the time.

"As to food, we'd really nothing to complain of in Camp.... It's just that it was so everlastingly monotonous—always rice and cabbage.... But I must tell you about our birthday parties. For one, we had a cake, brought down with us from Peiping in a tin box; for the second, eggs from the Black Market (sold over the wall). That was the first time we had them; later, we got them quite commonly. For the third, a girl made doughnuts. There wasn't room on the stove, so she cooked over coals placed in an old kerosene tin. The fumes were so bad, however, that it couldn't be used in the house; so she spent the entire day on the front steps, while we took turns holding an umbrella over her and the stove. I believe I enjoyed our stay in the Camp. In some ways, it was like a picnic."

WE asked if they thought there was any chance of the war's ending soon. "Depends on whom you ask," they answered. "The American businessmen transferred from Japan to our Camp thought the Japanese were essentially compromisers, would give in easily. The missionaries who'd been in Japan think the Japanese will fight as long as they have one gun and one plane. The Japanese themselves have two words for it—'invincible determination.' They think that if they can just hold on long enough, we'll tire of the war and offer a compromise peace. For instance, although the propaganda articles in the *Peiping Chronicle* were usually about American strikes and Communist plots, once in a while there'd be one on American production, always ending up, 'but our invincible determination will conquer even this.' "

"Tell me," someone asked the *Gripsholm* people, "suppose you were given, say, thirty seconds, in which you could say something that every person in America would hear. What would you say?"

"When the war is won, don't take out on the Japanese people what you should take out on their government."

Others nodded. "Yes," another man agreed, "but I'd squeeze that in my last ten seconds. First, I'd say, 'You haven't seen—as we have—millions of Chinese starving and being frozen to death—the tragedy and pain of so many. Not only fighting and dying and torture, but slow death, always present hunger, the business of never forgetting the war for one moment. If anything will shorten this war by a day; will get food to the Chinese people fifteen minutes sooner; will turn the coal from the Kailan mines back to their stoves, instead of to Japanese industries, one second earlier, it must be done. For God's sake, hurry up the war.' "

Thinking Straight

Some notes on Mortimer Adler . . . an unendearing logician, who believes in and stumps for enduring peace

BY CLIFTON FADIMAN

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Clifton Fadiman, former book critic of* The New Yorker *magazine, the whip of Information Please, wrote this introduction to* How to Think about War and Peace, *a book by Mortimer Adler, soon to be published.*]

MORTIMER J. ADLER, now forty-two, is Professor of Law at Chicago University. A few hundred thousand Americans know him as the author of the surprising best-seller, *How to Read a Book*. Thousands of teachers here and abroad, know him (not always with complete affection) as the gadfly of American education, a denying spirit who is dissatisfied with the quality of the production of our educational mill and with the quality of the minds of our teachers who turn its handles. He is deeply learned in philosophy and cognate subjects, which is nothing to his credit, for the same is true of hundreds of his colleagues. Though he belongs to the best of my knowledge, to no church, he is a religious man.

A logician in the field of democratic philosophy, he has grown out of many errors and false turnings into larger and larger truths. He possesses little of the charm, the passion, the artistic talents of such thinkers as Pascal and Rousseau, who, though much greater men, nevertheless inhabit his universe of discourse. He is only clear, only logical, only uncompromising; and these, though they may be enduring qualities, are not endearing ones.

There have been a hundred books about peace and postwar planning; and, let us confess it, we are confused by most of them, and bored by the others. Here is still another. How does it differ from its competitors? It differs in that it is written from the point of view of a citizen of the world, not that of an American, a Frenchman, an Englishman, a European, a politician, an economist, a geographer, a Communist, a Fascist, or a moralist. "It differs," says the author, "from most of the current books about peace in that it is primarily concerned with the ideas that should be in every citizen's mind, not the plans or blueprints which deserve a place at the peace table." It is concerned only with how to think about peace—and war. "It is a book of ideas to think with."

WE must consider what Mr. Adler calls the Four P's of Peace—the Problem, the Possibility, the Probability, the Practicality. It is the second of these P's that, I conceive, stops many of us dead in our tracks.

Is perpetual peace at all possible? If we think it is not, we shall merely try to work out coalitions, balances of power, alliances, whose aim will be not to preserve the peace, but to extend the truce. Then we shall call ourselves, with a certain satisfaction, "realists," as if there were some special virtue in the mere limiting of our objectives.

But what if it can be demonstrated, far more cogently than the "realists" demonstrate the opposite, that perpetual peace *is* possible, not tomorrow, not necessarily in our lifetime, but within the conceivable future? What if it can be shown, as I think the author does show in one of his chapters, that war is not, like death, inevitable? How if war be more like chattel slavery which not so many years ago was considered inevitable—but which now we know to be eradicable? What then? It is with this "What then?" that Mr. Adler deals.

If you are a rational animal, you will come to Mr. Adler's conclusion, that war is an abnormality, that it is the natural condition of man to live in peace—and furthermore that history itself provides us with varied proofs that this is so. But what this peace is that man aspires to, it is necessary to define clearly; and one of the many brilliant insights in the book is Mr. Adler's precise clarification of a word used far too loosely by too many respected thinkers—and by too many too respected thinkers. You will, among other things, learn that peace is not perfect concord or harmony, and has nothing to do with Utopian conceptions.

Something causes peace. It is government. Something will cause world peace. It is world government. Something causes war. It is anarchy. Something causes world wars. It is world anarchy.

Mr. Adler takes the bull by the horns. By this time we know what the bull's name is. The bull is called Sovereignty. Sovereignty may be defined in many ways; it may be defined, for example, as an idea which certain Senators and Congressmen are unwilling to examine reasonably, preferring instead to orate about it emotionally. You will find that, if we really wish for world peace, we must be prepared not to abandon our sovereignty, but to relinquish our external (not our internal) sovereignty to a world government, as the thirteen colonies relinquished their external, not their internal sovereignty to a Federal Union.

But this idea is a hard one to accept. It is hard for me to accept it, because I am so used to the idea of a sovereign nation, and so attached to my own sovereign nation. Most of my readers will feel the same way. The Pennsylvania farmer, the Virginia planter, the Massachusetts mechanic felt the same way in 1787. How do they feel today?

No man alive, however unpolitical he thinks he is, will be free from the influence and effects of that inquiry: as no American alive in 1861 was free from the influence and effects of a somewhat similar inquiry that came to a climax at Fort Sumter.

Mind you, Mr. Adler is not asking for the immediate relinquishment of sovereignty. He is not for a world government tomorrow. He merely proves that the surest way of getting peace tomorrow—or, at any rate, a long and fruitful truce—is to work for a world government that may come at some remote, but not unimaginably remote date. He is an idealist only in that he believes in the tendency of man toward peace. He is a practical idealist in his perception of the slow tempo at which that tendency works.

During a war, the dread pair of alternatives facing the soldier, and less directly, the civilian is: Fight or Die. But below this set of alternatives lies a deeper and more persistent one, for it will confront us when the fighting is over. That set of alternatives is: Think or Die. Mr. Adler's book is highly undramatic in tone, yet underlying the quietest, the most abstract of his sentences, is that dread, concrete imperative: Think or Die. We didn't think in 1919; and we are dying now.

on War and Peace

Some answers men have given to the problem of war and peace.... a tallying of the pessimist and the optimist views

BY MORTIMER ADLER

CONTEMPORARY thinking about war and peace seems to divide into two major patterns.

According to the predictions men make on this most predicted-about-of-subjects, they can be classified as pessimists or optimists. According to their objectives, and the means they recommend, they are usually characterized as realists or idealists.

By seeing these two classifications in relation to each other, we can avoid the invidious tone which attaches to the words "realist" and "idealist." If his optimistic predictions are sound, the man who proposes the more desirable goal is thoroughly realistic. His ideal solution can not be dismissed as Utopian if the facts show it to be quite practicable. And the man who advocates the less perfect solution does not necessarily relish making this choice. He need not cynically reject all lofty aspirations in order to insist that we make facts rather than wishes the measure of the attainable.

Ideals are no more the exclusive possession of the idealist than reality is the private property of the realist. Nevertheless, it is difficult to overcome the associations which make "realist" and "idealist" name-calling words. I shall, therefore, use the more descriptive words "pessimist" and "optimist" in describing the two main positions taken on the question of peace in our—or in any—time.

The Pessimistic Position Can Be Summarized as Follows:

PREDICTIONS: Future wars, including world wars, are inevitable. The extreme pessimist will add: "until the end of time." The more moderate pessimist will be content to say: "for some time to come."

In terms of perpetual peace, the extreme prediction is that it is utterly impossible on earth. The more moderate prediction is that its realization is improbable for many centuries, that improbability being even greater in our own lifetime.

OBJECTIVE: The only practicable goal for which we can work is the prolongation of peace in our time, or the postponement of the next world war. It would be too much to suppose that we can prevent all forms of war, but not too much to aim at preventing for several generations another world war.

MEANS: We must employ the familiar devices of power politics, whether or not we call them that: such things as treaties, alliances, or coalitions, aiming at a balance or a predominance of military power.

Agreements for collective security and an "international police force" to execute repressive or punitive measures must be regarded as implements of a coalition of great powers.

Such things as a league of nations, world courts for arbitration of international disputes, and other international agencies can be recommended as supplementing the nuclear alliances; but they can not be advocated as adequate by themselves to postpone the next world war, and certainly not to prevent it.

If the pessimist is cynical, he does not add any qualifications concerning justice and liberty; he does not pretend that the game of power politics need be played more politely, or can be played more effectively, by a just administration of the world's affairs, and with some regard for the liberties of smaller or less powerful nations. But if he is a "liberal," he usually seeks to incorporate the ideals of justice and liberty into his plans for postponing war by coalitions of power, insisting that there is a greater chance of succeeding this way.

REMARKS ON THE OPPOSITION: The pessimist does not deny that world government or world federation could abolish international wars, local or general. He merely says that any scheme which goes beyond a confederacy or league of *independent* nations is at present out of the question, precisely because it requires the abrogation of national independence and all that that implies.

Only despair and disillusionment can result from trying to put such schemes into practice before the time is ripe. The optimist, he contends, fails to recognize the existing realities—the economic rivalries, the diversity of cultures, the bellicose nature of man, the inequalities in education, standard of living, and political maturity, and, above all, the ever-resurgent nationalistic spirit, whether it be condemned as pride or praised as patriotism.

The Optimistic Position Can Be Summarized as Follows:

PREDICTIONS: International wars, local or general, can be prevented.

It is highly probable that permanent peace can be made at the end of this war.

OBJECTIVE: Perpetual peace is not the only goal for which we *can* work, but since it is obviously so much more desirable than merely postponing the next world war, it is the only goal for which we *should* work.

MEANS: We must establish a world government, federal in structure, including all the peoples of the earth.

No form of power politics and no merely international organization are adequate, either for initiating or preserving world peace.

Beneath the diversity of plans for the institution of world government, there is agreement that such government must be constitutional rather than despotic; that it must be built upon principles of political justice and liberty for all; and that it can not be accomplished by conquest or imperialism, but only by voluntary acts of union on the part of all the states to be federated.

If the optimist is clear, he recognizes that federated states retain *none* of their sovereignty in external affairs, and hence that world government requires the complete abolition of national independence. If he is confused, he tries to say that world government is incompatible *only* with "absolute" sovereignty, and that federation permits nations to retain a "limited" sovereignty, or some degree of independence in external affairs.

REMARKS ON THE OPPOSITION: The optimist calls attention to the fact that his opponent identifies peace with a mere absence of shooting. But the sheathed sword is still a sword; the bomber will not be beaten into a transport so long as nations remain potentially *(Continued on the next page)*

at war. The very phrase "peace treaty" is a contradiction in terms, for treaties make, not peace, but truces—temporary interludes between periods of shooting.

It is the pessimist, therefore, whose proposals are dangerously deceptive, likely to result in disillusionment and despair; for the pessimist promises peace when what he really means is the maintenance of large military establishments to safeguard a tenuous truce.

Furthermore, despite anyone's liberal pretensions, an alliance of the victors to preserve what they call "the peace" can not help becoming, like all monopolistic enterprises, an effort in self-perpetuation and aggrandizement. A less polite, but more honest, name for this proposed nuclear alliance would be "world domination." Despite all the talk about liberty and justice, there is enough dynamite in the pessimist's plans to blow the world wide open again—and sooner than he thinks.

So far as popular opinion is concerned, the pessimistic position prevails in this country, and probably in all others.

A RECENT nationwide survey undertaken by the University of Denver recorded that only twenty-six per cent. of the people think it probable that, "after this war, a way will be worked out to prevent any more wars." Another fourteen per cent. believe that "someday wars will be prevented, but this war will not be the last one." And fifty-five per cent. take the pessimistic position that "No matter what is done to prevent them, there will always be wars" (36%), or that "It is possible to prevent all wars, but people will never do what is necessary to prevent them" (19%).

It is worth observing the distinction between those who think that perpetual peace is impossible and those who think it possible, but highly improbable because men *will not do* what they *can do*.

Except for those who straddle the fence, the two positions seem to present an inescapable dilemma for thought and action. The straddlers do not really escape. Anyone who understands the minimum conditions of world peace, especially with regard to national independence, knows on which side of the fence they are doomed to fall. The advocates of merely international agencies (as opposed to truly *supra*national government) propose means for peace which can not prevent war.

It matters little whether they include an international police force. They must face the question raised by a recent editorial in *The New Yorker* magazine:

"You people realize, of course, that a police force is no good if simply used as a threat to strengthen agreements between independent powers, that to have meaning it must be a certified agent of law, that to have law we must first have a constitutional world society, and that, to achieve that, each nation must say goodbye to its own freedom of action and to its long-established custom of doing what it damn well pleases. *Now* how many of you want an international police force?"

The implication of the question lies in the choice it offers between international anarchy and world government. That public-opinion polls have recorded a large majority favouring an international police force must remain a fact of ambiguous significance until such sentiment is clarified by reference to the real issue. The Editors of *Time,* in one of their "Background for Peace" series, shrewdly observed:

"A world cop attached to a world court, standing alone, could never serve to keep the peace of the world. To achieve this end, the world cop would have to be backed by a full-fledged world government—by a legislature to translate political decisions into written laws, and an executive to give such laws substance in action. John Citizen may not have contemplated any such far-flung scheme when he upped with a 'Yes' to the notion of an international police force...The whole idea of establishing such a force inexorably raises all the problems connected with the creation of a complete world government."

Those who talk about international police in the absence of world government, like those who try to smile away the contradiction of *united,* but *independent* nations must fall off the fence, and usually fall into pessimism and power politics, as soon as they abandon the weasel words which can not bridge the unbridgeable chasm between *alliance* and *federation.* As Robert M. Hutchins, President of the University of Chicago, pointed out in a recent address: 'In the absence of world law and world government...conquerors asserting a right based on power alone are no more entitled to the name of police than Himmler's men in Czechoslovakia."

It is always pleasant to find some points on which opponents can agree. We feel reassured that they are moving in the same universe of discourse. Not only do their differences become more intelligible in the light of some common understanding, but in their agreements may be found the beginning of a resolution to their dispute.

The pessimist and the optimist do agree on certain fundamentals: not the extremist or the befuddled in either camp, but the *liberal* exponent of the position that the next war can be postponed and the *clear-sighted* exponent of the position that all wars can be prevented.

The liberal pessimist tries to *combine* power politics with international morality. The clear-sighted optimist denies that international morality *without* supranational government will work.

Neither is an isolationist, a militarist, or a pacifist.

Neither is an isolationist because neither thinks that the next world war can be effectively postponed or prevented by an effort on the part of his nation, or any single nation, to keep out of world affairs.

Neither is a militarist because neither admires war as a noble enterprise fulfilling the human spirit; both feel that the prevention of war to any degree, temporarily or permanently, is an unmitigated good.

Neither is a pacifist because neither is satisfied that a widespread desire to avoid war is sufficient to postpone it, much less to abolish it entirely. Both think traditional pacifism *impractical,* unregenerate militarism *immoral.*

Underlying these three points of meeting is their most fundamental agreement: *power is needed to prevent war or to maintain peace.* Either independent nations, separately or in coalition, must exercise the ultimate power in world affairs, or that power must be wielded by a single government to which all peoples are equally subject.

Both accept this dilemma, choosing opposite horns. Both agree that there is nothing in between these alternatives. Those who would insist that a league of nations is in between are saying that it is nothing—*powerless.* It may be something in the sense of a promise of better things to come, but the gap between promise and performance is infinite in practice.

Powerless conventions or congresses or courts either provide the façade behind which real coalitions of power must operate, or they dangle in midair, like good-will without foundation in force. To whatever extent a league, or any other international agency, is a *powerless* institution, to that extent it provides no solution to the problem—neither the postponement of future wars nor their utter prevention.

A monopoly of power offers the only solid ground for any practical solution of the problem of war and peace. But shall it be concentrated, by treaties and alliances, in the hands of those nations whose mutual self-interest dedicates them to the "pursuits of peace"? Or shall it be consolidated to the institutions of world-government?

CLOSE COIFS

One starts out like a headband, one like a turban—both end in face-framing hats that enfold your forehead in flattering white. Bottom: Pleated organdie edging navy-blue felt-and-satin beret. Top: Crisscross crêpe hugs edge of open-crowned blue felt hat. • Hattie Carnegie; I. Magnin; Himelhoch's; Jordan Marsh

"NOW I'LL TELL ONE" ...THE FACELESS DEMON AND

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dubbed the "greatest story-teller" by Alexander Woollcott, short and nimble Walter Duranty talks in a clipped, modified British monotone, his gestures succinct, staccato. As* The New York Times *man in Moscow, he knew the Bolsheviks of the old days; Russia is his potato and has been for the past twenty years, although Mr. Duranty has lived all over the world.*]

WE were sitting in the garden of the Canadian Military Attaché's house in Tokyo one warm evening in May, 1941. The garden was a picture and had been designed as such, every yard of it "combined" and coloured around its central glory, a cherry-tree in full bloom, as a painter works to bring out his motif.

In the midst of a teeming city, the garden was a tiny vista of paradise, the little stream purring over the pebbles, the rustic wooden bridge, the pool with golden fish, bright blue and yellow iris with leaves like green daggers, the slopes and valleys of cropped grass, bushes ablaze with flowers, and a copse of stunted trees, all gently leading the eye towards the cherry-tree which stood in the middle background like a cloud of pink and white. It was all so minute and perfect, so meticulously neat, almost too fragile and lovely to be the product of human hands.

It made politics seem remote, as one of the girls remarked. "I can not believe," she said, "that the Japs are as bad as you think. Wasn't it Plato who said that beauty and truth and goodness were all of them one and the same? And this is perfect beauty. Just look at that cherry-tree and..."

"And before you know, it will change into a machine-gun," said the Junior Naval Attaché, "and wipe us out in a moment with a hail of lead. Beauty can be a trap to lull the unwary and hide preparations for..." We were back at it hot and heavy: was Japan making ready for war, as most of us were convinced, and when and how would they strike?

The young woman wouldn't believe it. "I was born in Japan," she said, "and I think that you misjudge them. I simply can not believe..."

"PERHAPS you know a story," said our hostess gently, "a fanciful Japanese story about a weary pedlar breasting a long, steep hill near his home not far from Kobe. The shadows of night grew darker, but his heart was joyful as he thought of his native village in the valley below the hillcrest, and the lights of his cottage home, his loving wife and children, and hot food. Yet his heart was fearful, too, for he knew that this lonely road was haunted by a fiend. With a sigh of relief, as he turned a corner before the last short ascent, he saw a fellow traveller, a merchant by his dress and by the bales of silks piled high on his donkey's back.

"The stranger greeted him warmly. 'I was giving my beast a breather, but now that he is rested, take hold of his shoulder-strap to help you up the hill.'

"As they mounted the steep ascent, the pedlar voiced his thanks, saying, 'Sir, you are kind indeed, for I am weary, and,' he added with a shiver, 'I have heard that a demon lurks in the woods beside this road to tear wayfarers to pieces, a demon that has no face. I am glad of your company, sir.'

"They reached the crest of the hill and stood there a moment panting. Close by in the valley below the lights of the village shone. The pedlar raised his arms as though in greeting, then turned to his companion and said, 'You, sir, are a man of means and education. Perhaps you can

GJON MILI

THREE OTHER STORIES ... BY WALTER DURANTY

tell me how he might look, this demon, the fiend without a face.' The stranger grasped his shoulder with fingers that gripped like claws. 'He looks,' he said, 'like this...' "

There was a moment's silence, and the garden seemed darker and less lovely, and I felt cold at the back of my neck.

"You see," said the Junior Naval Attaché. "Just watch that cherry-tree hard, and...pop...it will be a machine gun."

"YOU remind me," said one of my colleagues, "of a story I heard in Berlin in the middle 'Thirties, about the honest, or not so honest, mechanic who worked in a baby-buggy factory. It seemed that his wife was about to do her duty by her country, and suggested to her husband that every day he bring home a few spare parts in his pocket, so that when the little stranger arrived there'd be a nice little cart for him to ride in. He followed her advice every day for a month, until the happy event. As soon as his wife was up and about again, she said, 'Fritz, have you got the buggy assembled?'

"He replied, 'My dear, it's no use; I've tried it again and again with every one of the parts, but it always comes out a machine gun.' "

The young woman born in Japan did not join in the laughter. "A demon without a face...I think it's a horrid idea," she said, shivering. "I don't believe in ghosts, but... on a lonely road...in the darkness..."

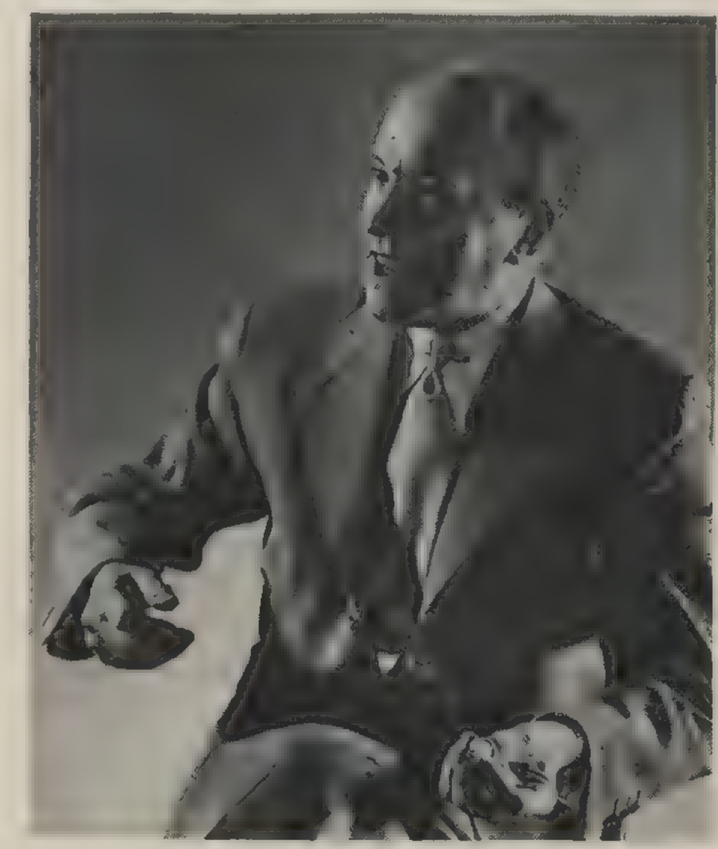
"I KNOW a Russian story," I told her, "about a man who met a ghost without knowing it. But it did him a lot of harm. It was when I was first in Moscow. One morning my secretary, a creature of superstition, which I am not, told me that one of the lecturers at the University had said to his class of medical students, 'I am a free-thinker, but something occurred yesterday which I can not hope to explain. Last night a girl of twelve came to my apartment and begged me to visit her mother, who was at death's door. At first I refused, but she cried and pleaded, so I went with her, and she left me at the door of a room in a poor quarter of the city, where a woman was lying on a bed. There was no furniture save a chair and table and a screen hiding a corner of the room. The woman was very ill, but I was sure I could save her life. I wrote out a prescription and said, "Your daughter can have this made up at such and such a drug store, and you ought to have a nurse, but perhaps she can look after you."

" 'She said, "I have no daughter."

" 'I thought she told me she was your daughter, but perhaps she's one of the neighbours' children, a round-faced girl with dark hair, wearing a blue skirt, red jumper, and red beret."

" 'The woman went pale, then pointed to the screen in the corner. I looked, and there on a cot lay the child who had come to my apartment. I could not be mistaken, but I knew that she had been dead for at least twenty-four hours.'

"My secretary looked at me triumphantly and said, 'I know the doctor. His name is Sneguirov, and what's more he speaks French, and is willing to see you at six o'clock tonight. So now you'll have to believe me.' I was rather taken aback, but didn't let her see it, and went that night to Dr. Sneguirov's house. The moment I put my question, he jumped to his feet in fury. 'I never saw the girl, never visited her mother, never spoke of them to my students. It's all a pack of lies trumped up by my rivals to prevent me from getting the post of Professor of Gynecology. The story's all over Moscow, and I've had a pack of superstitious old women come in to plague me about it, and even a priest who knelt down and thanked me for testifying to the truth of religion, though what that's got to do with a bogus ghost story I'd like to know.'



"Anyhow, another man was appointed Professor of Gynecology, and a few weeks later *The New York Times*, to which I had cabled this curious story, printed a letter from a reader saying that he read the same story in a book called *Memoirs of a Physician*, published in Chicago in 1889, whose author declared the incident had really happened to himself. I wonder how it reached Moscow to ruin poor Dr. Sneguirov's hopes."

"What do you really think of the Russians, Walter? *(Continued on page 86)*

LOOK FOR THE SUN

FORWARD-LOOKING fashions for the winter-weary who dream about July in January. Time-the-present dresses for you who live a patio-life in California or Florida. Off-again-on-again jackets for lunch, doffed for Vitamin D.

• This page, top: Sleeveless two-piece dress of holly-green wool jersey—with jewelled buttons, a deep arc of a neck-line, a bow-tied skirt. 10 to 16. $30. Lord and Taylor; Frost Bros.

• Centre: Three-piece costume. Scant bra and skirt of spun rayon plaid—green, black, white. $15. Black blouse, front-tied tails. 9 to 15. About $7. By Hi-Dee. Franklin Simon.

• Left: Three-piece costume of flamingo-red rayon shantung. Minimum bra; sleeveless jacket; slim-lined skirt. 10 to 18. $50. Lord and Taylor; Neiman-Marcus.

• **Opposite:** Sleeveless two-piece dress. Try it with your own dark jacket. The top, navy-blue and white Foreman rayon jersey, simple as a boy's jumper. Navy-blue jersey skirt. 10 to 16. About $25. Bendel's Young-Timers; Harzfeld's

Suits with two lives

Grey flannel... for country

Yellow gabardine... for country

for town

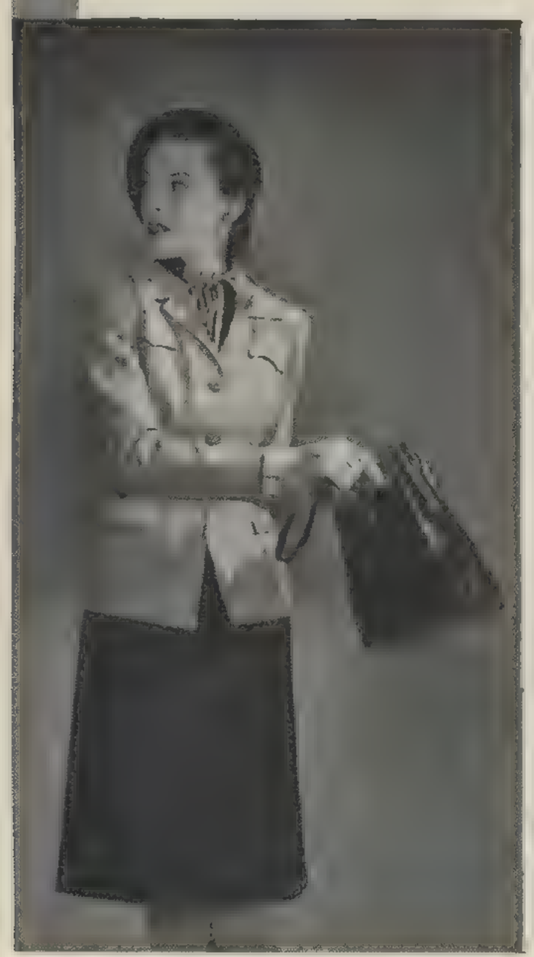
Three suits—for country week-ends *and* weeks in town. GREY FLANNEL Roxspun classic with highish lapels. 10 to 18. $35. Russeks; Rich's; Miller and Rhoads. *Country*—Make it a monotone study: add a grey cashmere sweater, a deep cloche of grey flannel. Double over-the-shoulder buckskin money-bag; $25. Phelps. *Town*—Flashes of red: bright bowler, fresh carnation.

YELLOW GABARDINE, by Handmacher. 10 to 18. $45. Lord and Taylor; Jordan Marsh; Vandervoort's. *Country*—Against yellow, use pigskin. Natural pigskin gloves. Phelps shoulder bag of worsted webbing; $30. *Town*—Point up yellow with a black skirt, side-rolled black felt cloche, a black drawstring alligator bag.

BLACK TWEED softer-than-classic, by Davidow. 12 to 18. $55. Jay-Thorpe; Garfinckel's; The Dayton Co. *Country*—Natural cashmere sweater, string gloves. *Town*—Put it in black and white. Deep white cloche. Black Koret suède drawstring bag; $25. Jay-Thorpe.

JOFFÉ

Black tweed... for country



for town

for town

1944 OUTLINE OF FASHION

THERE are three ways to gauge the importance of any fashion. One of these gauges is the measure of acceptance by the acknowledged highest taste; the second is the acceptance by the greatest number of women, and the third is the fashion which gets into the comic strips. For the feminine characters in the comic strips are dressed in the exaggeration of the accepted; by the time they get into comic strips, we hardly realize that these clothes are fashion, we take them so for granted.

And, as there are three ways to gauge the acceptance of a fashion, there are also, by coincidence, three ways to measure the change in a woman's looks. One of these is the size of her head; the other, the width of her silhouette, and the third, the length of her skirt. The details are forgotten, and it is these general points of silhouette that remain in the mind and that typify the style generation.

When we think of costumes of Colonial times, we remember the tiny waist, panniers, and crinolines far more than we remember lace ruffles, square necks, and black velvet ribbon tied around the neck. The looks of the ladies of the Directoire remain in our minds because of the ankle-length, slit-to-the-knee extreme narrowness of their outline. We remember Marie Antoinette's court for its enormous head-dresses (sometimes almost half the height of the body), rather than for the extraordinarily beautiful fabrics, the detail of embroidery, the cut of a sleeve. Similarly, our recollections of our own jazz-age fashions are conditioned by the plumb-line of the silhouette, by the incredible brevity of the skirt below the low waist-line. When we take the long view of fashion, it is these generalities that do the summing up.

And today, judging by the ideals of fashion, these three measuring rods—the size of the head, width of silhouette, length of skirt—have reached next to the all-time minimum. The other low (except for the Minoan age when clothes were worn as decoration and not as covering for the body) was our last post-war period. These three minimum elements of fashion have not been generally accepted yet. Many a mane still flows in Main Street. There is still the woman who thinks a big, shady hat is the most flattering thing she can wear, and she wears it; and not all skirts are as narrow or as short as today's ideal of fashion.

The new look starts with the head, and the ideal head is small, with a definite outline. This definite outline can be accomplished either with short, shingled hair or with smooth, long hair, contained in some sort of net, or dressed very close to the head. On this neat, self-contained head, there are hats which do not themselves change the woman's silhouette. They sit very close to the head. There are no wildly jutting feathers or angles; their outline comes well within the over-all narrow silhouette.

The figure itself is neatly defined. One often wonders what has happened to those hundreds of thousands of pounds that have vanished from the bodies of women these last two or three years. Sydney Smith, the great English humorist and churchman, after he had lost weight through illness, once wrote to a friend, "If you meet 18 or 20 pounds of human flesh in the street, it belongs to me. I look as if I had had a *curate* taken out of me!" Perhaps all these lost pounds are in limbo somewhere condoling with one another. In any case, most women have learned that they can control their own width, which fact may be one reason why they have accepted with such complacence the L-85 narrowing regulations.

The skirt lengths are not quite as short as they were in the last post-war fashions...just below the knee is the present acceptance.

So, in the three *(Continued on page 96)*

Designs for Dressmaking (opposite) ➡

Make for spring or the Southern shade...a dress slim and straight as a light ray. Use latticed sun-yellow Everfast poplin. Play up with gold bracelets, a straight black coat. Cotton Dawnelle gloves. Sunglasses; H. L. Purdy. Dress No. 5004. Coat, "Easy-to-Make," No. 9889. Back views, sizes: page 98.

BALKIN

RAWLINGS • CONDE NAST ENGRAVING

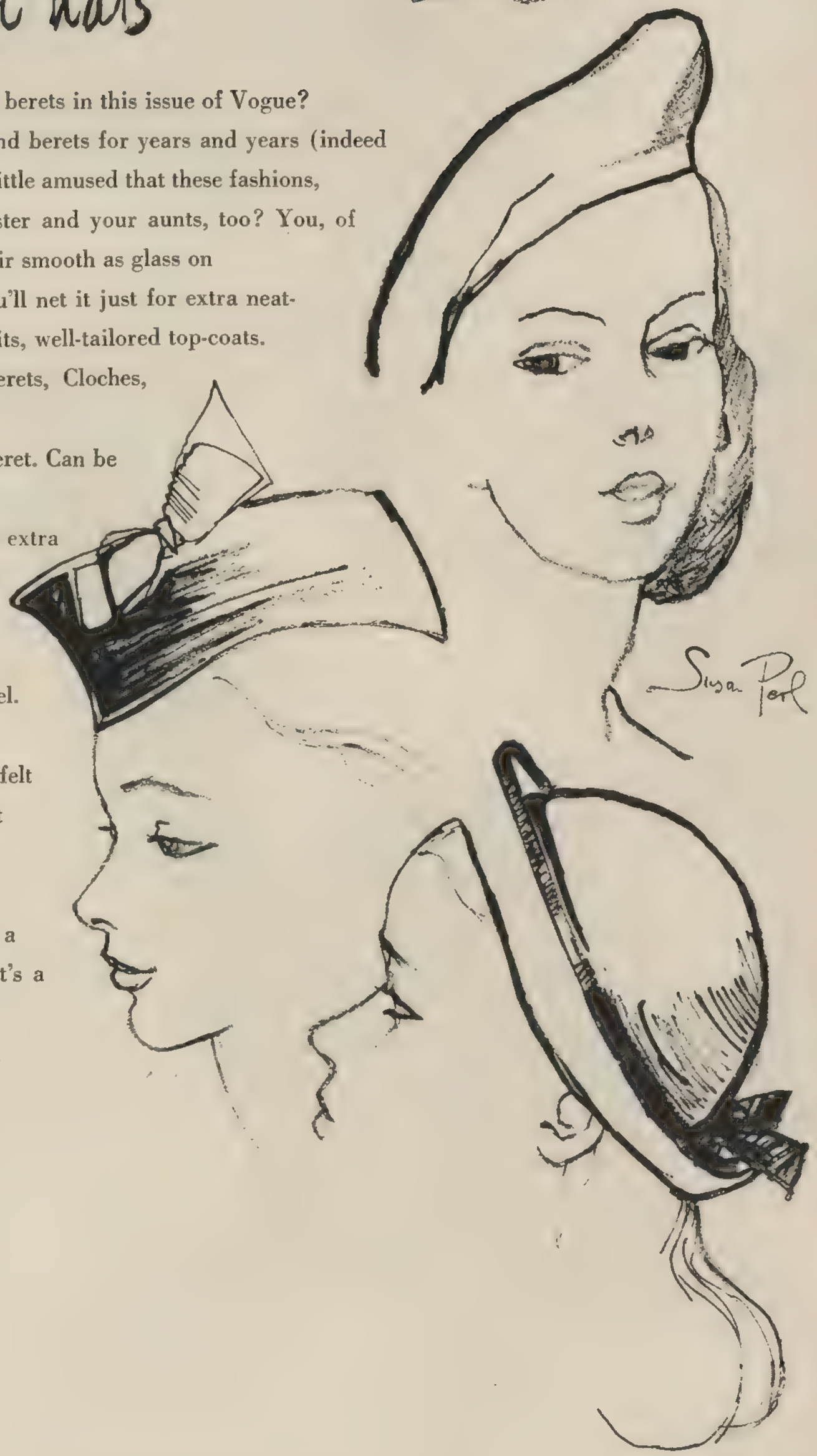
JUNIOR STRAW VOTE cast for a town hat with the sun-sparkle of gold sequins—the tilt and roundness of a little girl's leghorn. Straw Breton, banded with leaves—forecasting spring and summer on the heads of the young. John-Frederics' Junior hat. About $10. Lord and Taylor; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. A warm red lipstick; Tussy's "Miss America"

JUNIORS *do wear hats*

Did you notice all the bowlers, the cloches, the berets in this issue of Vogue? Do you, who have been wearing bowlers, cloches, and berets for years and years (indeed ever since you zipped up your own leggings), feel a little amused that these fashions, Your Pets, have come to your mother and your sister and your aunts, too? You, of course, know how to wear them. You'll keep your hair smooth as glass on top...and turned under in back. Maybe this year you'll net it just for extra neatness. Nothing looks quite so well with soft spring suits, well-tailored top-coats. Here are four pages of Junior Hats...Bowlers, Berets, Cloches, Bretons...the Hats of the (Junior-Senior) Season:

Top: Grown-up version of a little-girl sailor-beret. Can be tipped at any point of the compass (like all good berets). Of grey stitched wool felt, black-banded for extra flattery. $9. Knox, Lord and Taylor; J. W. Robinson.
Second: Like putty in the hand this Basque beret of pale blue felt—willing to please, however you push it. Easy background for a jewel. A Brewster hat. About $7. Best; Neiman-Marcus.
Third: Henchman for a suit or reefer, a navy-blue felt Scotch cap by Stylepark, armed with the brightest cherry bows. Wear it well forward. It is $11 at Lord and Taylor; Marshall Field.

Below: The bowler—its crown as snug as a skull-cap, with a grosgrain ribbon-bound brim that's a snap—roll it up or down-all-around. Beige felt—fun and fine for now and right through spring. A Brewster hat. $9 at Best; Neiman-Marcus



FIVE MORE JUNIOR HAT FASHIONS ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES

JUNIORS do wear hats (continued)

KAY BELL

MISSES McCULLOUGH AND PATTERSON, AT LOUIS RUHE'S PET SHOP ON THE BOWERY

Three Junior hats—on three junior-size girls. The McCullough twins of New Orleans (left) are fashion artists, muralists. Have their own New York studios. Katherine Patterson has a war job.

Left: Suzanne McCullough wears a bright red felt cloche, rolled off her forehead, cutaway and snug in back. $9.

Centre: Lucerne McCullough in a Kelly-green felt brim-up-or-down hat. $8.

Right: On Katherine Patterson, a brown felt cloche. $8.

• All three Dobbs hats. At Stern's; Filene's; Joseph Horne.

KATHERINE PATTERSON, WITH A HONEY-BEAR

Above: Katherine Patterson in a close-to-the-head cap worn far back, with little wool crochet flaps that partially cover the ears. Tish-U-Tex green felt. $6 at Franklin Simon; Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia; Jays.

Right: Mrs. John Booth (Anne Kaufman), eighteen-year-old daughter of playwright George S. Kaufman, wears a Stetson raspberry felt beret, one step removed from a skull-cap. Perfect with her neat, brushed-up coiffure. $8. Altman; Scruggs-Vandervoort's; William H. Block.

MRS. JOHN BOOTH, WITH A TOUCAN

BALKIN

I LEARNED ABOUT COOKING FROM THEM

By Herbert Haseltine

The author, and his study of Man O'War

In France, when speaking of a hobby completely at variance with a man's usual occupation, one refers to his "*violon d'Ingres.*" As a relaxation from painting, this great French artist used to play the violin; the late Aimé Morot, the great painter whose pupil I was, captured and kept venomous snakes in his spare time. My *violon d'Ingres* is cooking, a hobby that started during my childhood in Rome. My earliest recollections of food were overeating; I had not, as yet, discovered the delights of imagining myself a gourmet. Carolina Dess, my German governess, called me a gourmand. On one occasion, having watched me pile up on one side of the plate all the raisins that were contained in a piece of cake, with the gluttonous intention of devouring them all in one go, Fräulein Dess came down on the plate like a hawk and, just as that delectable mouthful was about to be consumed, seized it, and carried it away, proclaiming: "Greed must be punished."

It was not an auspicious beginning, but, fortunately, my mother's cooks took a broader view. There were four of them: two Francescos, Nicola (who looked like Pope Leo XIII.), and Angelo Bella, all great chefs and real artists.

Angelo was the most important to me. I often used to wangle recipes from him, but, if I asked him for the same one five or six months later, it would have evolved into something even better than before. He ran through different "periods," like Picasso, always experimenting with new flavours. On one of my periodic visits from Paris to Rome, I was walking by a poultry shop near the Pantheon one day when I spied a large porcupine hanging by its hind legs in the open shop-window. "How would Angelo cook that?", I wondered. I couldn't resist the temptation to buy it and see. Taking the corpse to Angelo's quarters, I challenged him to produce what he could with it.

"That will be delicious," he answered, unperturbed and delighted. "It will soak in wine and spices for three days, and then I shall cook it as an *agrodolce* (sweet-and-sour) with pine nuts, and a chocolate sauce."

It was delicious, too, in spite of the fantastic combination of ingredients. But I can not say it was the most useful of the many recipes with which Angelo endowed me. I shall give you recipes later, but first I would like to tell you more about the people who gave them to me.

My first lessons in making an omelette were given to me by the beautiful and fascinating Alice Aubrays, who made her début at the *Ballet de l'Opéra* in Paris. Because of her, the fabulously rich Albert Menier fought a duel with Georges Hugo, the grandson of Victor Hugo. Her *hotel particulier* in the rue Bassano was the rendezvous of *tout Paris;* men of letters, artists such as Boldini, Caran d'Ache, Sem, Cappiello, Abel Faivre, actors and actresses, and the most fashionable representatives of the *demi-monde* thronged her salon.

Her method with omelettes was to add a tablespoonful of water to the eggs, beating them with a fork, never with an egg-beater. (For the rest, she believed in the old-fashioned, heavy iron frying-pan with a long handle and a shallow rim, and, of course, a very hot fire.)

Another omelette expert was Dr. Bardy, in Paris; he added little pieces of butter to the beaten eggs and used boiling green olive-oil. His *omelette aux fines herbes* consisted of the addition of chopped chervil, chives, and tarragon, with the judicious seasoning of salt and pepper.

My fourth great source of recipes was Madame Marthe Letellier, who was the toast of Paris in the early years of the century. She was so beautiful that when she appeared in her box at the *Opéra* the whole audience would get up and applaud; tables were at a premium when it was known that she would be at a supper party either at the Café de Paris or the Restaurant Durand at the place de la Madeleine.

She contributed about sixty recipes to my collection, which is preceded by eighteen different kinds of cocktails and drinks from that prince of old-fashioned, pre-first-World-War bartenders: McGarry, the Irish bartender at Buck's Club, in London. The collection ends with a list of nightcaps from Devonshire, "to prevent colds, cure chills, and strengthen nerves," others "for rundown people," and a final one "for the very nervy woman."

But, as a pupil of Angelo's, I do not necessarily, monotonously, blindly, and obediently follow a recipe in its every detail. One may, perhaps, for the first time; but afterwards one should be tempted to try this or that. So the following recipes are more in the nature of suggestions, than hard-and-fast prescriptions. This oxtail ragout, given me by Dr. Bardy, is one of my favourites, and I often make it on the tiny stove in my kitchenette.

After a good morning's work, I start my dish at twelve, dredge the pieces of oxtail in flour, and brown them. Then I put them in the pressure cooker, adding two glasses of white wine, which, when boiling, I set fire to. Then I add carrots, onions, celery root, or plain celery (these already browned), with a *bouquet garni* consisting of sprigs of parsley, tarragon, chervil, and a bay-leaf, tied together. If I feel like it, I attach the bouquet to a muslin bag containing black peppercorns, two *(Continued on page 97)*

● ***Famous for his statues of horses, for his brilliant "British Champion Animals," and his equestrian monuments, the sculptor is celebrated also, among his friends, for his cooking talent. Here he discusses some gourmets he has known, and some of their recipes***

Lunching in the paneled sitting-room of Mr. Haseltine's New York studio: lower left, Mrs. Evander B. Schley; the host, in a chef's hat; Mr. Frank Crowninshield, his friend since boyhood; and right, Mrs. Herbert Haseltine, the sculptor's wife

R FOR TIRED FACES

Just because your skin doesn't ache—like the muscular parts of your body—don't think that it doesn't get tired, too. It doesn't just *look* tired. It gets tired. The face can show the temporary look of strain. The *look* of weariness is fairly easily erased (sometimes even a hearty laugh will do). But the *effects* of weariness take care and time to blot out. Constant overtiredness can bring unfamiliar little lines, can deepen the lines of expression, can make the skin a frightened-white, can make the skin dry and flaky.

Rest is, of course, a prime antidote. Rest needs a good solid foundation of a consistent seven-or-eight hours' sleep each night. And a superstructure of a relaxed mind. A rested body and an easy mind are usually teamed with a serene face. But if the hope of enough sleep goes glimmering, in your busy life, if your mind spins too fast in the coping...try to get the first, try to stop the second—and pay more attention than ever to your complexion care. Learn a formula that's a specific for the tired skin.

• One of the best alarm-clocks for tired faces is the Frances Denney "Oils of the Wilderness." Its rich oils carry two bonanzas: a stimulating factor, and lipoids (those secretions of the glands which tend to diminish with age and exhaustion). It is used at any convenient time, to ease the look of strain, to lend the face a rested glow. Use it while you bathe; or at night, after you've cleansed your skin. Or in the dressing time between the day's occupation and the evening's fun. Buying it is a Grand Gesture—but you use it sparingly, like a miser.

"I wouldn't believe it until it happened to me!"

—says Elizabeth MacNear, Registered Nurse, of Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

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As EVERY NURSE knows, overweight is a handicap to beauty, a hazard to health. Even though she was nearly five feet seven, Elizabeth MacNear knew that 160 pounds were 25 too many. That extra weight sapped her vitality. Her posture was bad, clothes were a problem, and she was worried about her skin. Something had to be done.

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"Here is what happened: First of all, I was given an understanding analysis of my personal needs, a specific goal and a practical plan for attaining it. In 7 weeks I lost 25 pounds, brought my weight to an ideal 135. Instead of a size 20 dress, I now wear a 16. Today my skin is softer, smoother, clearer than I ever dreamed it could be. My posture has greatly improved and I gained so much energy that I can now spend long hours on my feet without tiring.

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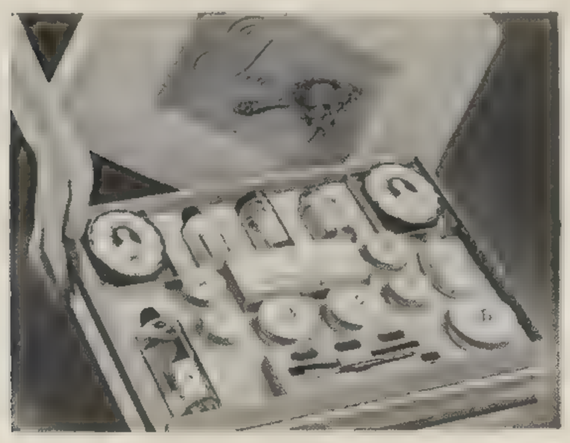
Nurse charts her own success story. Elizabeth MacNear's measurements tell what happened:

	Before	After	Change
Height	5′ 6¾″	5′ 7″	+¼″
Weight	160 lbs.	135 lbs.	—25 lbs.
Waist	32″	27½″	—4½″
Hips	40″	36″	—4″
Thigh	24¼″	21″	—3¼″

Today there's a radiant freshness about the beauty of Elizabeth MacNear, proof of the new knowledge she gained of how to keep her skin smooth and glowing, how to care for her hair and style it becomingly, how to use make-up subtly, for glamour.



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(The four costumes sketched at top are Vogue Pattern designs.)

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THE BAD MAN

(Continued from page 51)

"No you won't," I said.

"But you waste five lire! Five lire!" everybody said. And Alfreduzzo pleaded, "Do not send me. I will break them."

Nina sent Elena to the kitchen to bring a little basket with straw in it. The Poggiolani shook their heads. They regretted the five lire, the price of a woman's work for a whole day. It was going to be thrown away, all that money, twenty-five cents.

Alfreduzzo took the basket and walked away slowly, sobbing.

The people returned to their work. They thought we were crazy. And we could feel that they were hoping that Alfreduzzo would break the eggs. It would teach us a lesson.

Hours passed. It began to get dark, and the faces of the people began to look almost gay. "What did we say?"... "Five lire thrown away!"

Finally Lina, who was pregnant, volunteered to run down and see what had happened to him. At last, when it was almost dark, they appeared, Alfreduzzo and Lina. Lina was carrying the basket, and Alfreduzzo followed her meekly. "He didn't break the eggs!" Lina shouted.

She had found him down on the mountainside, sitting beside the basket watching the eggs.

The next day, to celebrate, we asked Alfreduzzo to have dinner with us. That started a commotion among the Poggiolani in the kitchen. Canzio asked if Alfreduzzo was to eat with them. They evidently did not care for his company.

"No, with us," we said. That amazed Canzio even more, and he showed in pantomime his displeasure. He set Alfreduzzo's place at table. And Alfreduzzo rushed away to wash his face and tell his mother about it.

When we sat down to dinner the first thing the boy did was to put into his pocket all the slices of bread he found in front of him. We expected him to be hungry, so there was plenty. He pocketed it all. We did not say anything; he was our guest.

Then Canzio brought in the soup. It had no pleasant effect on Alfreduzzo. He acted rather blasé.

"Why, Alfreduzzo, don't you like the soup?" we asked. He said he did, but we could see that he wasn't very interested. He finished it, silent.

Then Canzio brought roast chicken. Alfreduzzo's eyes lit up. He became very animated. He went into his pocket and brought out a slice of bread, took his portion of chicken from his plate, and put it on the bread, dug another slice of bread from another pocket, put it on top of the chicken, jumped up, and, holding bread and chicken in his hands as if it were a treasure, ran away. "I take it to my mother!" he said.

And that was the end of our guest that day. He did not come back.

We understood then about the soup. Alfreduzzo had not liked it because it could not be carried away to his mother.

That is the villain of Poggio.

NEW triumph on a famous artist's palette. Elizabeth Arden mixes colors as only an artist can . . . and achieves exactly the same results . . . masterpieces of beauty. But instead of setting it down on canvas, for only a few to enjoy, she puts it on your lips and at your fingertips . . . lets *you* make this glorious new color your very own. And it *is* your very own—for Radiant Peony has a strange way of emphasizing the Woman . . . . bringing out *her* personality . . . pointing up *her* charm. It is sheer drama with your new clothes—a morale builder that spells beauty to every beholder.

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Famed satiny lipsticks that stay on so well, 1.50 . . . Refills, .75
Nail polish in a beautiful matching color with the new patina that does not chip, .75
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Dear Bryan:
Thanks for the exquisitely sheer hose made for my Columbia picture "Cover Girl".
Whether nylon, silk or rayon, Bryan hose are always beautiful.

Sincerely
Rita Hayworth

How can you "re-style" a dull-looking complexion?

What's the secret of smoother make-up?

"a 1-Minute Mask!"

—says
KATHARINE MELLON

—New York society favorite with unusually lovely amber eyes and a creamy complexion.

Even a pretty complexion may "slump" at the end of a hectic day. Imbedded specks of dirt give a dingy look. Bits of chapped skin ruffle up—snag make-up.

"That's when I smooth on a 1-Minute Mask," says Mrs. Mellon. "—A white coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream over my whole face—except eyes. After one minute, I tissue off—and feel as if I had a new complexion!" The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens and dissolves dirt and dried skin particles!

"I love the fresh, softer feel of my face after a 1-Minute Mask," Mrs. Mellon says. "My skin has just the smooth, dewy finish that takes make-up evenly and easily. And my coloring seems so much brighter and clearer!"

"My best-loved powder base, too!"

Mrs. Mellon uses Pond's Vanishing Cream two ways—"For a 1-Minute Mask beauty pick-up 3 or 4 times a week. Then every day, before make-up, I use a light film of this same cream for light, greaseless powder base."

There's a *glass* shortage! Buy one BIG jar of Pond's instead of several small ones to save glass needed for food jars.

OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE

Take a job! In many areas, women are urgently needed to fill home-front jobs of fighting men. Check Help Wanted ads and local U. S. Employment Service.

WITH AN EYE ON THE PAST

(Continued from page 58)

work of the coronation hair-combs, the shampooing, the cutting, the dyeing, the waving. Then at three in the morning, the peeresses came in to be finally combed for the ceremony.

A pass had been provided for me so that I could go to the palaces or hotels of a few ladies of topmost importance. Who these were to be had nothing to do with any choice by me. It was almost a part of protocol. That night, my assistants and I coiffed four hundred ladies at a rate of twenty dollars a head. Duchesses waited about the salon like schoolgirls, with tapping feet and sleep-fighting eyes.

For the long ceremonies, the hair-dresses had to have a reliable, immovable quality, so I used my own special lacquer to stiffen false curls into the strength of wire. These were then fastened to the hair by a concealed elastic band. The next problem was what to do about their crowns. After the Archbishop had placed the royal crown on the Queen all the peeresses had to crown themselves. I had to invent a gadget so that each could easily slip her crown over her lacquered curls.

LADY MENDL: Laundry Bluing and a Borzoi

When Lady Mendl's hair began to grow grey, its colour was indeterminate. I was to supply a subtle shade so that it would remain grey and yet harmonize with the delicate tint of her skin. I tested all shades of light blue in every way I could.

In the midst of these experiments I was looking one day at my Russian wolfhound, Da. It occurred to me that Da would look even more beautiful if he were not dead-white, but blue-white. So I treated him like a fine sheet in the laundry and doused him with laundry bluing. Some sort of unexpected chemical reaction caused the bluing to turn mauve on the dog's hair —the shade of lilacs in shadow.

The result was as unexpected as it was delightful. And I thought I was on the track of a solution for Lady Mendl. Of course, laundry bluing that might do even for a handsome Borzoi would hardly have the same reaction on a woman's hair. The colour would be different, and it would be too harsh. But with the new basic idea to work on, I applied more delicate dyes to Da's obedient pelt.

At last I was ready to apply the mauve to Lady Mendl's white hair. She wore it that way for the first time at a ball given by the Comte de Beaumont. The new colour made a sensation even in that gathering.

Lady Mendl again called me in to help with her coiffure and costume for a great Persian masquerade in Venice. In her well-furnished hotel suite I found nothing that might be turned into a distinctive costume. I looked around the boudoir and found only a pair of black silk stockings. I turned them, stretched them carefully, before the astonished Lady Mendl had found time to object, I had started winding them around her head. They made a perfect turban.

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Oh blessed sun . . . and the beauty of being clad for it by KORDAY. Here is "Caprice" . . . a wonderful new SANFORIZED Denim fabric of tiny navy and white pinchecks, styled into the perfect fashions for out-of-doors. You *must* see them . . . you'll *want* them. Sizes 10 to 20.

The short-all, about **$4.** *The sun dress, about* **$5.**
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"NOW I'LL TELL ONE"

(Continued from page 65)

Is the country just a mess?"

"The Russians don't think so," I countered. "It's a question of point of view, and, if you'll forgive a cliché, everything's relative. There was the case of a rich merchant just after the Revolution. That is, he'd been a rich merchant, but he'd lost everything and was living in one small room with his wife and son and daughter-in-law, and their two brats, who were spoiled and peevish. They hadn't much to eat, and the merchant felt worse and worse. He was a pious old boy, so he went to his priest and said, 'Father, I've come to confess a sin I'm about to commit. I'm going to kill myself. My soul may go to hell, but my life here is hell.'

"The priest stroked his beard and thought for a moment, then said abruptly, 'Have you any money?'

"The merchant nodded. 'I have a little store, but it's secret. I'm keeping it just in case...'

" 'Don't keep it,' said the priest. 'Take it and buy a goat.'

" 'But why should I buy a goat?'

" 'Never mind, you do as I tell you, and come back to me in a week.'

"In a week the merchant returned. His face was haggard and wan, and his clothes were shaggy and dirty, and his eyes were rolling. He said, 'Father, it's worse than ever. Now I really shall kill myself. That horrible, stinking goat...it isn't even housebroken, and it butts my wife and the children...I simply can not bear it.'

" 'Buy another goat,' said the priest, 'and come back in a week.'

"This time, the merchant almost crept in on all fours and looked like a scarecrow. 'Father, I'm finished,' he gasped. 'Why should you torture me thus? Those goats in one small room—they're fighting all the time. My wife has taken to her bed, and the goats jump all over her, and my daughter-in-law has hysterics half the day. This is the last time you'll see me. I go to find peace in death.'

" 'Sell one of the goats,' said the priest, 'and come back in a week.'

"The merchant wasn't spruce, but his cheeks were ruddy, and he walked with a bit of a swing. 'I sold that goat at a profit,' he said. 'He was the worst of the two, and the other one's bad enough, but at least we have room to move.'

" 'Sell the other goat,' said the priest, 'and come back in a week.'

"This time, the merchant entered smiling, rubbing his hands. His hair and beard were combed, his eyes were bright, and his clothing was brushed and neat. 'Father, you saved my life!' he cried heartily. 'The second goat brought more than the first. Of course, we had a terrible job cleaning up after those filthy creatures, but we all set to with a will, and the room is neat as a pin. I bought some meat in the market, and a little bottle of bootleg vodka, and my wife is making a stew and hopes you will join us for dinner.' "

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Unlike ordinary hair conditioners, it is compatible with your hair—is actually absorbed during the 30-minute treatment under the Wella safe low-voltage cap. For exquisitely lovely, manageable hair, have a WELLA KOLESTRAL treatment at your beauty salon.

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How far would you expect our soldiers to advance—on the bitter, rocky hills of Italy, for instance—with the soles out of their shoes? How much would you expect from an army in rags?

Forgetting for a moment the tanks, planes, bullets and bayonets we must send to our men, think of just this one item: SHOES. The millions of pairs of shoes our men must have over and over again.

In taking Attu we read that jackets, gloves, boots, sleeping bags—"brand new Tuesday, were worn out and discarded by Saturday." That's what war does. Those are just some of the *minor* things that victories cost.

They're fighting now—in winter. If there were something you could do to make sure that that boy you know would get all the shoes, warm coats, the equipment and food he needs to safeguard his life—wouldn't you do it?

Somehow, because it's not direct, it's hard to realize, perhaps, that buying a War Bond right here in your home town, is going to do so much.

But think of the people in the next block, the next town, the next state—all buying a War Bond, too. Think of the money from those Bonds flowing into the Army, the Navy, the Air Corps, the Marines—of the power that money will give our boys . . . YOUR BOY!

Your bit may seem a little bit. But it's the mighty drop in the bucket that's keeping our armies advancing—well-shod, well-fed, well cared-for. Buy that War Bond now! When victory is ours . . . when you get that letter saying "I'm on my way home!" you'll realize how much that War Bond did.

And—it will be your investment in the future—earning interest. For you. And your boy.

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1. War Bonds cost $18.75 for which you receive $25 in 10 years—or $4 for every $3.
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THE MOUNTBATTENS

(Continued from page 49)

His wife seemed the more spectacular figure, and the press recorded her doings zealously. She's much in the headlines, in 1932, for a proposed expedition across the Persian desert in search of adventure. "I want to get away from it all," says Lady Louis, off on a roughing trip, with one change of clothes, a light tent, and her sister-in-law, the Marchioness of Milford Haven, daughter of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia. The press follow their journey with interest.

And here they are at the Coronation: he weighted down with State robes of crimson velvet and ermine, swagged in gold braid; she with her inevitable stream-lined silhouette, seeming almost too modern a figure to support the traditional family jewels and tiara. Noel Coward is a close friend, and seen everywhere with them. She seems the very incarnation of his brittle, quizzical heroines. She even seems to move and talk with that *gamine* charm, that wry-smiled gaiety associated with Gertrude Lawrence's playing of some Coward rôles.

Lord Louis' appointment as Captain—the youngest in the fleet, at thirty-seven, is another quite inconspicuous paragraph. His hour has not yet come. Indeed, until the war, only his closest friends, and perhaps the Admiralty, knew that the Navy was the real passion of his life. He inherited all the traditions, and the brilliance of his frustrated father, who, in the last war, as First Lord of the Admiralty, had been forced to relinquish his office through public condemnation of his German parentage.

Lord Louis' naval career was the undeviating trajectory-course of his life. An Osborne cadet in 1913, he saw active service in Beatty's fleet. After the war, he specialized in signals, and perfected the Mountbatten Shutter, a special signaling device. Two years before the war, he was responsible for the Mountbatten station-keeper, which is now installed in all the newest destroyers. He prefers the seamanship and personal qualities involved in handling destroyers, to the more static immensity of the bigger ships. He loves a seagoing life, and it is no secret that his new appointment cost him much to accept. He is an arrogant, vain, impulsive, and dashing Captain, who, had he not such magnificent seamanship, might be dubbed slapdash by the diehards. His men adore him. He is "Dickie" to his friends, Mount-bee to his staff, Louis to the lower deck.

No need to recall here the many anecdotes of his furious fighting record—commanding the *Kelly*, in action off Norway; bringing the torpedoed *Javelin* back to port; swimming for his life, when the *Kelly* was finally sunk, off Crete; commanding the aircraft carrier, *Illustrious*, and then, in succession to Sir Roger Keyes, becoming *"Commando-in-Chief."* No need, here, to enlarge on his tactical skill, his enterprise and meticulous, split-second timing of all operations. His every move is history, now. And when he makes the most casual, typical remark, dismissing a successful operation as "absolutely tickety-boo," the phrase becomes legendary, a national classic of understatement. *(Continued on page 94)*

Pride of
THE DESERT BATTALION

FRANCINE HANDY, CHOSEN AS IDEAL "BATTALION" GIRL

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THE MOUNTBATTENS

(Continued from page 92)

His appointment as Commander-in-Chief, South East Asia, is profoundly significant. It is an earnest of Britain's determination to carry the war against the Axis to the furthest reaches of the globe, and tells of Lord Louis' mastery of amphibious warfare; he will be in supreme control over operations which he not only first envisaged, but also perfected by long months of experiment, rebuff, innovation, and rehearsal.

And Lady Louis? She, too, has met the challenge of reality with purpose and individuality. "Just the wife of a Commando" is how she described herself, in a recent speech. Actually, she is something more. She is, in fact, Superintendent-in-Chief of the Joint Red Cross and St. John's Organization. Her admirable efficiency is a personal characteristic (fostered perhaps by a course at a domestic-science college before she came out, which included the grimmer side of domesticity, such as getting up at six to do the flues).

With the Park Lane penthouse shut, they now live in a small, furnished house near her headquarters in Belgrave Square. Her day begins at seven A.M. and often goes on till late in the evening. She tours the country organizing and supervising, seeing for herself. She will not delegate. Sometimes she drives her own little car. Mostly she goes by train, staying anywhere and everywhere—usually in the station hotel, she said, with resignation, since coming in, deadbeat, at midnight, after an erratic cross-country train trip, and leaving before breakfast, is a strain on the hospitality of even close friends. In 1941, she went to America on a tour, for her St. John's Organization, making speeches in all the seventeen cities she visited in twenty-one days.

During the worst of the *blitz*, she worked in the shelters—the real ones—the fetid, lousy, damp, overcrowded shelters of the East End. She was there night after night, nursing, organizing, improving. No polite bandaging for her. No Red Cross sewing-bees, and gracious, patronizing sympathy, but the real thing, in big gulps. She is as avid for work as she used to be for play. She has had experience of hospital staff work, too, working in the hospital theatres.

("Sister—Nurse"—could it ever have been "Probationer Mountbatten—hand me the ligatures"?...my mind balked at it.) She is still, on the face of it, too shimmering, too elegant a creature to make her work in the operating theatres appear credible. Her eldest daughter, Patricia, aged nineteen, is now a Wren: she manages to look as *soignée* as her mother in her reach-me-down serge uniform. Following her father's traditions, she specializes in signals. The younger girl, Pamela, aged fourteen, is still at school. She is a girl guide, bouncingly enthusiastic, and plastered in efficiency badges.

Such relaxation as they can snatch is devoted to family reunions at "Broadlands," the beautiful and historic house, once Lord Palmerston's, which she inherited from her father, the late Lord Mount-Temple. "Broadlands," with its Henry Holland architecture, its Adam decorations, its rolling parkland, stocked with a unique herd of Dutch *(Continued on page 95)*

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THE MOUNTBATTENS

(Continued from page 94)

cattle brought over in 1720, its mulberry-trees planted by James I., and its mirrored dovecotes, which Lord Palmerston installed, to encourage their inmates to preen—all the historic beauty of this place is now given over to the Southampton Hospital, which was so terribly bombed. All the worst surgical cases are sent there now.

The Mountbatten family have crammed themselves into one small wing. Often they are joined by his mother, the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven. They have no room for guests, no time or staff for entertaining, any more. There are two living-rooms, and the family bedrooms. His is orange and blue, with sketches and models of all the ships with which he has been associated. Hers is pink and white, with an elaborate jardinière of ferns at the foot of the bed, and three Dalis by way of decoration.

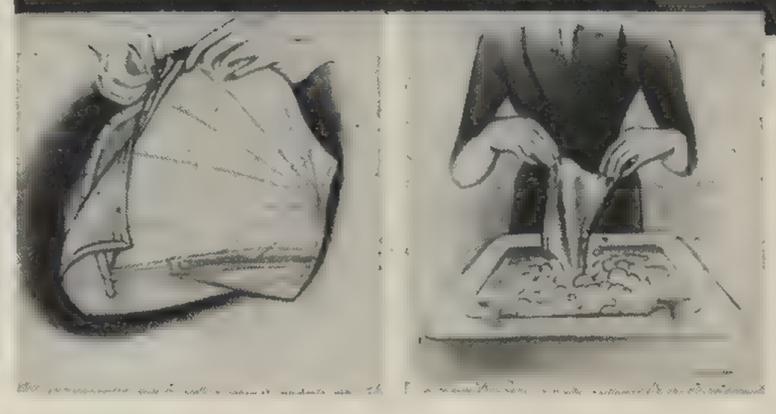
The Future?

The big living-room has beige moire walls, an Angelica Kauffmann ceiling, and the finest pictures from their collections—Guardis, Longhis, Reynolds; silver, porcelain, rare furniture. A script copy of "In Which We Serve" is a souvenir of the unofficial work Lord Louis put into Noel Coward's film. It is typical of Lord Louis' almost Prussian precision that he speaks fretfully of Coward's grammatical errors, his casual construction.

I asked her what changes she wanted to see come from the bitter struggle of the world. A clearer understanding between nations, was her first answer. Particularly between America and Britain; between the *peoples*, rather than just the *rulers*. Scottish miners and foundry workers in Pittsburgh; farmers in Sussex and Wisconsin; the little man from the Deep South and our suburbs.... (Her dream was too rosy to spoil with cheap cracks about the perfect understanding already existing between Wall Street and the Stock Exchange.)

Better conditions of living was her next choice. Better health, and homes; better working conditions. More equality, less privilege. When she looks round at England's slums, she feels the shame which they reflect upon the rich—and responsible. She was the one—now she is both. She will switch her energies, after the war, to fighting for a better way of living, she says. She will expect, and want, to work just as hard. But *not* in uniform, please, she adds, with her quizzical smile. "Uniform tends to make me slack, sloppy," she says, surprisingly, for she looks the quintessence of good grooming.

It is a real switch-over that she has made—in both her way of life and thought. It is not, I think, so much that the times demand action and a fresh start, but that this woman who has had everything is able, perhaps more than those who are still wanting more, to sense other, more abiding values to be had for the asking—if everyone is prepared to give, as well as take. The Mountbattens have always been news: they still are news. For it is real news that some rich and privileged people are ready to work for what they believe in, and to share what they have got.



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1944 OUTLINE OF FASHION

(Continued from page 70)

telling elements of fashion, there is an unaccented head, definite in line; a basically narrow silhouette, broken occasionally by tunic or peplum; nearly normal shoulders; arm-sized sleeves, or none, and just-below-knee-length skirts. But it would be a mistake to call this new look of clothes, simplicity. It is not that. It is a triumph of premeditated elimination, and while, worn without imagination, these clothes can be dull, they also offer the chance for a very personal and subtle sort of wearing.

This is progress; for American clothes and American women's wearing of them have never made a point of subtlety. We have always known how, in this country, to make and to wear unself-conscious clothes...wonderful little suits, functional, merry sports clothes, fashions that are subordinate to the woman. As long as we were under the wing of Paris, we were afraid to realize how good these things could be. Now we have begun to develop truly American, and more imaginative, fashions.

Beautiful as Paris' best clothes were, their adaptations in the hands of American adapters were often far from the original best. Granted, and without question, that the best French clothes were the best the world has ever seen; that a soignée, worldly woman, dressed in the best of French fashion, was an element as yet unreplaced in the taste and cultivation of nations. Granted that the Paris makers supplied the whole dressmaking world with ideas for many years, the fact still remains that American designers' clothes this spring have a freshness, a genuineness, a charm, and suitability to American women that is better by far than many of the imitations of great design that once dominated our fashions. It is a hopeful sign for American fashion independence after the war.

You will notice that we do not say "fashion superiority." That can not be decided while Paris is out of the running. And when the Paris couturiers come out of the dark cloud of war, there can hardly be a doubt that they will present again designs with imagination, richness, variety, and great beauty.

Then will come the acid test—then we shall see whether American designers have learned permanently to walk alone.

There was a time when we were prone to think that anything out of Paris must be better than anything out of America. Now the pendulum swings the other way, and we are in danger of being too easily satisfied with designs just because they are American.

The greatest disservice we can do for American design is to let friendly enthusiasm take the place of judgment and taste.

The best thing we can do for American design is to pay it the compliment of evaluating it truly and strictly by the highest standards, with no lenience of judgment because it is "our own." The post-war world may not have that same affectionate tolerance.

For fashion is always an impartial judge, with no patriotic bias, either French, American, or British. The best man always wins. And if American designers keep on as they have begun, at least the world will know that they are in the race.

For a Perfect Dinner

. . . nothing can quite take the place of these fine Widmer selections: dry, delicate Rhine wine . . . dry brilliant ruby red Claret . . . dry Sauterne. All add to the esteem which the Widmer name has enjoyed since 1888.

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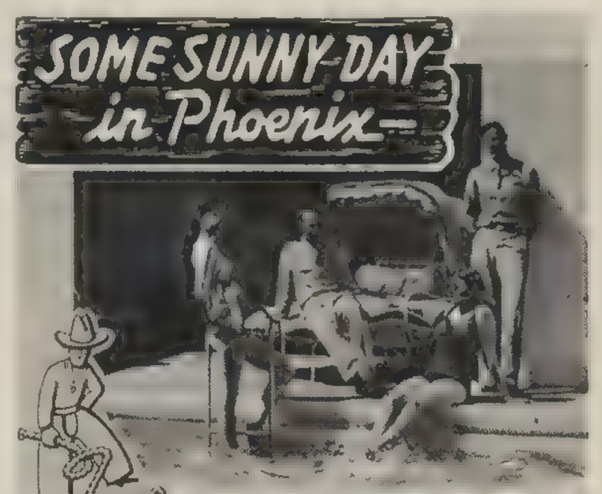

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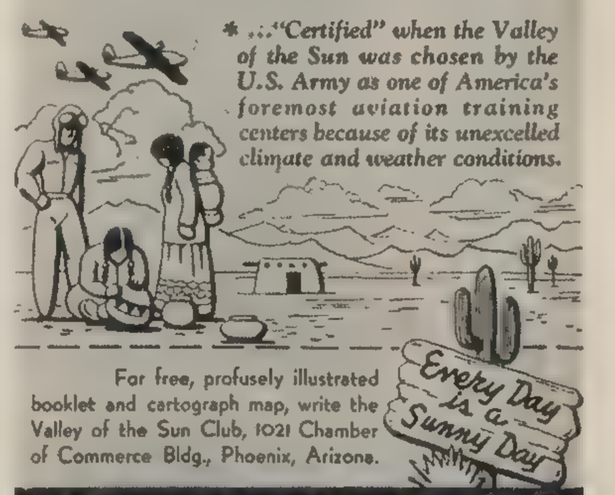

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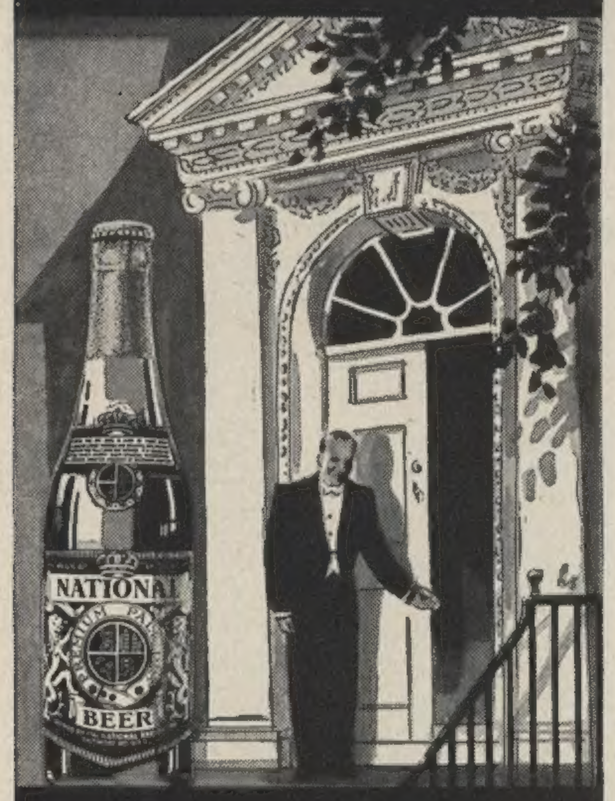

NATIONAL
PREMIUM
BEER
PALE, DRY, BRILLIANT
THE NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

I LEARNED ABOUT COOKING FROM THEM

(Continued from page 77)

cloves, half a red peppercorn, and a squashed clove of garlic. In any case, the bouquet goes in the centre of the ingredients with an excellent, well-flavoured stock poured over all. (Campbell's new beef bouillon is an excellent substitute for the home-made product.)

Then I can go back to work for another half-hour, until the steaming ragout is ready for the table. Potatoes, baked in a low oven so that they are crackly outside and flaky inside, are a good accompaniment to this dish. I made this ragout yesterday, and followed it with vanilla ice-cream from Sherry's with a glass of Havana Club rum poured over it.

Mme. Letellier's Potage Germiny

Simmer, in a little water, chopped, fresh sorrel; then add to it a quart of good stock made with beef, chicken, and giblets (also some fowl's feet scalded and peeled), and the following vegetables: two carrots, two onions, and a turnip, all sliced. Stir in twelve yolks of eggs, a third of a quart of fresh cream or rich milk, heat (but don't boil) over a slow fire, gently stirring with a whisk. Serve in cups, very hot, or in summer, very cold. This is enough for ten people.

Mme. Letellier's Melon Dessert

Cut a round opening around the melon stem and remove the spongy substance and seeds with a silver knife. Then detach the pulp and cut it into small cubes, liberally sprinkling the interior with finely-powdered sugar. Then add a layer of wild strawberries, more sugar, then the cubed melon, another layer of strawberries, and so on until filled. Finish with half a glassful of kirsch liqueur. Put in ice-box for twelve hours before serving.

Angelo's Agnello alla Cacciatora

This can be made with almost any cut of lamb. Cut the meat in squares, about an inch thick, brown in butter, adding salt and pepper, stirring continually. In a separate saucepan, in a cupful of water, boil sprigs of rosemary—fresh if possible. Add the rosemary essence thus obtained to the lamb, with a spoonful of vinegar. Mix a spoonful of flour with butter, and work it into the sauce until it is well integrated. Simmer until the lamb is tender and ready to serve.

The Coiffeuse's Veal in Beer

Knowing that French coiffeurs are usually gourmets, I asked Mme. Jeanne, my wife's coiffeuse, for her opinions on food. First we discussed omelettes—"a spoonful of olive-oil with the eggs, not water, not cream"—then she gave me this extraordinary recipe for veal cooked in beer.

The ingredients are veal escalopes, diced about one-inch square, several pieces of veal knuckle, one onion, three large tomatoes, peeled and quartered, butter, salt and pepper, one bay-leaf, three cloves, half a red pepper bean, and a small bottle of beer.

Dredge the veal in flour, then brown well with the onion in butter. Add rest of ingredients and simmer for one hour and a half, or twenty-five minutes in the pressure cooker.

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DESIGNS FOR DRESSMAKING

5004 9889

Here are the back views of the sun-yellow dress and black coat shown on page 71. The dress, with long or short sleeves—Vogue Design No. 5004, for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38). The full-length, ruler-straight coat, "Easy-to-Make" Design No. 9889, for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38) and 40

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